A YOUNG WOMAN JOURNALIST

JULIA AMES

Frances Edwards.
Isabel Somerset.

Dorothy K. Sturges

from

The Cherringtons at

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Columbus

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Julia A. Ames.

A YOUNG WOMAN JOURNALIST

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

—TO—

JULIA A. AMES.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

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THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
THE TEMPLE,
CHICAGO

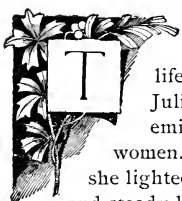
TO
MATILDA B. CARSE,
WHOSE MOTTO IS
"NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH"—
A WOMAN OF
GREAT FAITH, UNTIRING ENERGY, AND DEVOTION
TO THE
UPBUILDING OF THE MASTER'S KINGDOM,
A TRUE, LOVING FRIEND
OF
MY COMRADE, JULIA AMES,
AND MY OWN DEVOTED FRIEND OF
MANY YEARS' STANDING,
THIS VOLUME
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

Helen L. Hood

Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill.

What She Was Like.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.



THIS volume is not meant to be simply a memorial of a fair young life. We think the earthly years of Julia Ames have in them matter of eminent pith and moment for young women. We are unwilling that the torch she lighted should fail to pass from her kind and steady hands into the hands of her sisters among the bright girls of the nation whose aspirations and powers are not unlike her own.

It is well known that the intelligent young American girl has a special adaptation for journalistic work, or a philanthropic career, or both. Miss Ames possessed this adaptation in a notable degree. She was at once a wage-winner and a reformer. She illustrated that dignity of character which chooses to be independent, although one's father would gladly pay all expenses and afford every opportunity of culture. It was a luxury to her to have no money that she did not earn. There was happiness in the knowledge and feeling that her work increased the sum total of human happiness.

She was a rare combination of the poetic and the practical. The methods by which her mind was trained, her hand made skillful, her heart mellow, her whole being endued with Heavenly power, should be set forth for any who may have the wisdom to investigate them. We have, therefore, determined to gather up so far as possible the shining strands of this white life and braid them into a cable that shall reach across her own great and beloved native land, perchance across the seas, possibly around the world. We have white-ribboners everywhere, and this book, we hope, will be in their hands in every local group and every zone. Let no one make the mistake of supposing that this book is a pressed flower exhaling only the fragrance of memory, and laid upon the grave of our rare friend by hands that often clasped her own in loving token. It is rather meant to be a sturdy rose-tree by the wayside, with bright colors and refreshing perfume for any who may pass.

EARLY DAYS.

About forty-five years ago Isaac Ames came to his western home near Streator, Illinois, one hundred miles from Chicago, from New Sharon, Maine, bringing with him his bride, whose birthplace was Wilton, Maine, whose name was Arullia Moorer. For fifteen years they lived on the farm where Julia was born, which is situated seven miles west of Odell, in Livingston county. Julia was the third child, there being two older and one younger. She was born October 14, 1860. In her childhood she was always

very small and delicate, but as she grew older her health became quite vigorous. Julia began going to school when only three years old. It was lonely for her to be left at home when the older children went, and she had cried to go with them. So she was permitted to accompany them one day, it being thought that she would not desire to go again, but instead of that she was delighted, and attended every day that summer, during which she learned to read. The schoolhouse was one of the first built in that part of the country. Her father helped to build it and taught the first school ever convened within its walls. The name of the Ames schoolhouse has always clung to it and made it a sort of monument to the first schoolmaster, who was, like his youngest daughter, a devoted lover of learning.

Julia's brother Elmer was two years younger than she, and was always her companion and playmate. As they grew up they lost none of their devotion to each other. In speaking of him shortly before her death, she called him "that dear boy," and her look and manner indicated more than the words. The love she bore him was greater, perhaps, than that she felt for any other of her relatives. He was worthy of it, for a heart more loyal never beat.

Her elder and only sister well remembers the Sabbath mornings when she and Julia went with their grandfather to the little schoolhouse where religious services were held, in which he always participated. In these quiet and helpful surroundings she grew until she was seven years old, when the family moved to Streator, Illinois. Here she finished her course of

study in the public school, entering high school in 1873, where she took a four years' course, going thence to the Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, Illinois, where she met Professor Fry, one of the most accomplished teachers of the West, whom she always loved, not only as an instructor, but as a most helpful and intimate friend.

It was an invariable rule that those who knew Miss Ames best loved her the best. It was her inner self that was so wonderful. The passing acquaintance saw a bright, beautiful face, a gracious bearing, heard a melodious voice and felt the presence and impress of a true and genial nature. But these were only the ornament and filagree work of that noble edifice, her character.

Miss Ames early acquired the habit of reading in a serious fashion, and maintained it throughout life. She liked to write, and for the amusement of herself and friends composed short stories which she read to them in a most interesting manner, having much of the dramatic in her style.

When she was but twelve years old she was converted, having, as she often smilingly said, attended six weeks of revival meeting in the old church in Streator during the nine years of her residence there. The Methodist Church is not particularly rigid, so that her breezy spirit lost none of its elasticity from being developed in a religious atmosphere so highly charged. For years it was her thought that she would be a missionary, and when she decided to go into the temperance work one of her friends said to her: "Julia, you have then relinquished the old idea of

being a missionary?" whereupon she responded in her quick, bright way, "No, indeed, I am still thinking of it very strongly;" but she speedily found that temperance is really practical missionary work.

Miss Ames spoke in public throughout her life as a school-girl and mature student. It was to her a matter of course. She had an easy manner, self-control, a fine countenance, clear voice, and was an universal favorite on the platform, even as a child. She always enjoyed this exercise more than music or painting, although she "took lessons," as we say, in both. But when there was a new selection to be learned and recited, she put aside every other form of occupation. I recall one contest in which the recitation rendered by her was very pathetic, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, so much did she enter into the spirit of her work.

During the Red Ribbon movement in Streator, which followed the Crusade, she was one of the leaders. Busy as she was with her studies, she never seemed at a loss for time when the temperance cause was to be helped. In 1883 her parents moved to Chicago, her father then thinking that his son Elmer and his daughter Julia would both study law, which was his great desire. The son did this, but Julia begged so hard to be allowed to pursue her favorite study of elocution that she carried her point, as she always did when in thorough earnest, and took a full course of study in the Chicago School of Oratory.

So much for a brief outline of her happy, industrious, aspiring early days, which her elder sister gives with tender and pathetic pleasure as her contri-

bution to the book which shall perpetuate the memory of "Yolande" and help the work to which she was devoted.

A most interesting letter comes from her former preceptor, the principal of Streator High School, Mr. E. P. Murdock. Professor Murdock writes as follows:

"Miss Julia Ames entered the High School in Streator in 1873, and soon distinguished herself by her fondness for English literature and history. She was an excellent reader and fine declaimer. Her quaint humor and remarkable good-nature made her a fine entertainer at the public exhibitions which the literary society frequently gave, so that the school and the public were always pleased to know when she was to take a prominent part.

"A universal favorite, her broad charity, even in childhood, disarmed criticism and never excited envy or jealousy.

"Through the whole four years of her pupilage, I can not call to mind one single unpleasantness that ever arose between her and the teachers or students. In zoölogy and botany she always obtained high grade, as her love for nature was an incentive for the most careful study both from books and objects. I remember well her first efforts at taxidermy, in which she assisted me to stuff and mount a bird. Her simplicity, frankness and truthfulness made her loved by all; in fact, I can remember but few pupils in my whole experience of teaching, of whom I have so many pleasing recollections as of Julia Ames.

"In my last conversation with her, I was impressed by the remarkable charity displayed in excusing faults

and discovering good in others, and then I called to mind that this characteristic had signalized itself in her manner in childhood.

"In times like these, when the rush and hurry of events tends to estrange people from each other, there seems to be so much need for such broad, home-like natures as hers, that the loss appears irreparable. Active workers may be plenty, but the warm love and broad charity of such persons, whose very presence makes us think more and better of humanity, is too scarce to be lost without being deeply felt."

One of her comrades of the quill has written of Yolande thus: "Hers was a deeply religious nature, and her religion took a practical form in loving to labor for others. She was President at one time of the King's Daughters connected with the publishing house which for six years had been her place of occupation. Her association with women of mature years had ripened her mind and made her an intellectual companion for them. Her responsibilities were greater than those borne by most women of middle age, yet her patience and judgment were equal to the occasion. Her disposition was bright and gay, yet kindly, and smiles came easily to her lips; but there was a seriousness underlying this, that made the tear of sympathy rise too quickly to displace the smile. Mated to a gentle heart were a sound intellect and first-rate judgment. Physically, she was one of God's noblest works, a beautiful and healthful woman. Her clear, rosy skin, sparkling eyes, bonny brown hair, her round, plump figure and light, easy bearing, were most pleasant to see. For four long weeks she

struggled heroically with death, and the resistance of her fine physique made his advance slow."

CHARACTER.

When she was gone, her comrades began their characterization of one whom they had long known, studied and loved. One said: "The first thing that struck me about her was that she was handsome." Another said: "She was the soul of winsomeness," and still another, "I should call her gracious, most of all." Alice Briggs, my faithful office secretary, who had known her at Rest Cottage through the years, said: "I should sum up her traits in the word lovableness." Miss Mary Allen West, who had been with her more than most of us, said: "I should call her genuine." This is, perhaps, the true keynote. Nothing is so great as genuineness, but, alas, nothing is so rare, for it manifests a certain mental poise, a certain level-headedness, to be genuine and true; to be clear-cut, the real grain of the wood, taking the polish of God's providence with no veneer about it. Julia Ames was genuine after this fashion. You could depend on her. What she said, rang out like the gold coin on the counter. She was steadfast, deep-natured, as the tides of the sea. She was loyal and faithful. No one whom I have ever met had more exalted ideals of conduct and character. She believed in one standard for men and women, in the utmost purity and clarity of habits in the conduct of life. Tobacco was an offense to her, alcoholic drinks she could not tolerate, and "a white life for two" is

the least that seemed to her a safe standard for any home.

She was loyal towards men, sisterly and kind, with no little meanness of remark about them, but only a great true heart. Because she loved her own brothers and was proud of them, she would reach out to everybody's brother to help make his life pure and good, appreciating the greater temptations by which men are surrounded. Perhaps it was this that made her a temperance woman, perhaps some loss, some grief, bravely surmounted and outlived.

So she came along with us, a beautiful, sunny heart, that sought to help those who had borne for many years the burdens and heat of the day. She soon caught the step of the veterans and kept time to the company's music. Our young editor was a radical in the way in which she took the great onward movements of the reform ocean, "when the flowing tide came in," as a strong swimmer takes a new wave. She believed in prohibition in the strongest and largest meaning of that much controverted word. She believed in women, and that the world would be better, happier and richer when men and women had more interests in common, more occupations that were alike, and when the great heart of home went out into the world, since the homeless world had needed it so long.

I should say, in summing up her character, that she had a divine curiosity and a divine discontent. Anybody can have a human curiosity and be occupied with the things close about us, but that curiosity may degenerate into mere current gossip. But

hers was divine, and never stopped until it got to God. She loved to see His ways of working in nature. She loved to look into His beautiful, mysterious laboratory of the earth and His great observatory of the sky. She loved to study God in great and generous characters, in history, in reform, and sometimes I used to wish that her curiosity had been a little less divine, for to do all these high and holy things she was wont to burn the midnight lamp. It was her special fault and specifically connected with that larger infirmity of hers, carelessness in respect to health. Many a time have I asked her when she would come to speak to me at breakfast before starting for Chicago and her hard day's work, "Were you up late last night, my younger sister?" "Yes," she would answer, "it is the only time I get to study." And I would pat her on the cheek and say, "My dear, I am afraid I shall yet make your funeral address;" whereupon she would reply laughingly, "Of course you will. You know you promised long ago."

As I said, she had a divine discontent. Anybody can have a simply human discontent. Indeed, most people have, and little does it serve them. But she looked up so much into the great blue heavens, that I think maybe she was a little weaned from this world, for in the sky they tell us that there are two hundred million worlds. I think she was smitten in her soul with a thirst for immortality. And, really, there is nothing else worth living for, when one comes to think about it. If we are not immortal, if there is not a great free life beyond, as

great as the outreaching of the heart, as great as the contriving of the brain, as great as the faith that fastens the aspiring soul to God, then we are the mightiest mockery that has been let loose to feed on its own anguish.

I think "Yolande," as we delighted to call her, was wont to say to herself as that cosmopolitan poet, Victor Hugo, said :

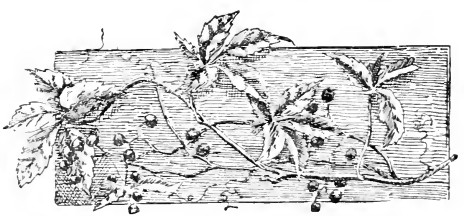
> "Be like a bird just for an instant lighted
> Upon a branch that swings;
> She feels it yield, yet sings on unaffrighted,
> Knowing she hath her wings."

She knew she had her wings. She is trying them these days.

A schoolmate of earlier years bears this remarkable testimony, to which we who during the last six years of her life knew her so well, at her beloved Rest Cottage home, can heartily subscribe :

"She seemed incapable of malice. She never antagonized. I think she was inclined to believe the best possible of everybody, and naturally enough she received everybody's good will in return. I think her girlhood, rightly understood, showed her capable of great and persevering devotion when her interest was once thoroughly aroused. She was peculiar in that her fixed purposes were followed in the under-current of her nature, for her outward manner was so gay and bright that only those who knew her best, realized the deep undergirdings of her power. I have no doubt that what she showed in early life,

that lovely, genial disposition combined, as so rarely occurs, with persevering devotion to any person or to any cause to which she was attached, made up the warp and woof of the character that came to be so much admired by the white-ribboners."



Her College Life.

PROFESSOR SUSAN M. D. FRY.

EVER since the receipt of Miss Willard's letter saying, "Our beloved Julia Ames has passed to her native climate of heaven," one incident in the school life of Julia has come to me more frequently and more vividly than any other.

At dusk one Sabbath evening, on entering my room at Henrietta Hall after an absence of several hours, I heard most piteous sobs in the adjoining room. They were smothered outbursts from a heart that seemed broken to pieces by some mighty sorrow which had suddenly fallen upon it. I said, "Julia has lost her father or mother," and hastened to comfort her. I found her lying upon her bed, face downwards, in a state of the most intense excitement and grief. What was my surprise, when I put my arms about her and begged her to tell me what had happened, to hear her reply, "No, no, I will not tell you. You will hate me. I wish I were dead! I wish I were dead!" I could not believe that Julia had been guilty of anything unworthy of herself. And, at any

rate, she must be calmed and helped. After repeated pleadings on my part and assurances of love, no matter how serious the case might be, she yielded, and with a struggle such as a criminal might make to confess a crime, she said, "I am down for an oration in my literary society and I can not write one; I am a fool, I am a fool!" It was in vain that I assured her that first efforts were never orations but only essays committed to memory, that she would grow to the heights of an oration, in time, and that other students had to make a beginning as she did. No, she ought to know how to write an oration. It was inexcusable that she did not. She must write an oration, or nothing. How exaggerated her grief seems at this distance. How many times in later years has her face beamed upon me in bright appreciation of the ludicrousness of the scene, as we have referred to the tremendous struggle of that occasion.

This early incident in Julia's school life at the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, which began September, 1879, and lasted but two years, gives the key to at least two of her chief characteristics. She was determined to do things well—perfectly, if possible; she was hard toward herself. Becky Sharp (pardon the allusion) claimed the right to mother herself, that she might further her own selfish ends and advance Becky to a good place, where she might eat somebody else's white bread, and wear an undeserved honor or a title; but Julia was, at best, but a poor step-mother to herself. She would not palliate or excuse her own shortcomings. She was

always ready to say, "But I ought to know," and equally ready to say, "I will know."

She mastered every subject she undertook, and so far as I know always stood first grade. I have heard her say many times that she would not accept a second grade; that if necessary she would study all night to avoid such a calamity; and that in the event of such a visitation she would leave the school in disgrace. But she did not study for grades alone. She had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, which her college life increased. Her sister writes me, "All Julia gained at Bloomington made her crave more, so that when she left Bloomington she was simply aflame with the desire to know."

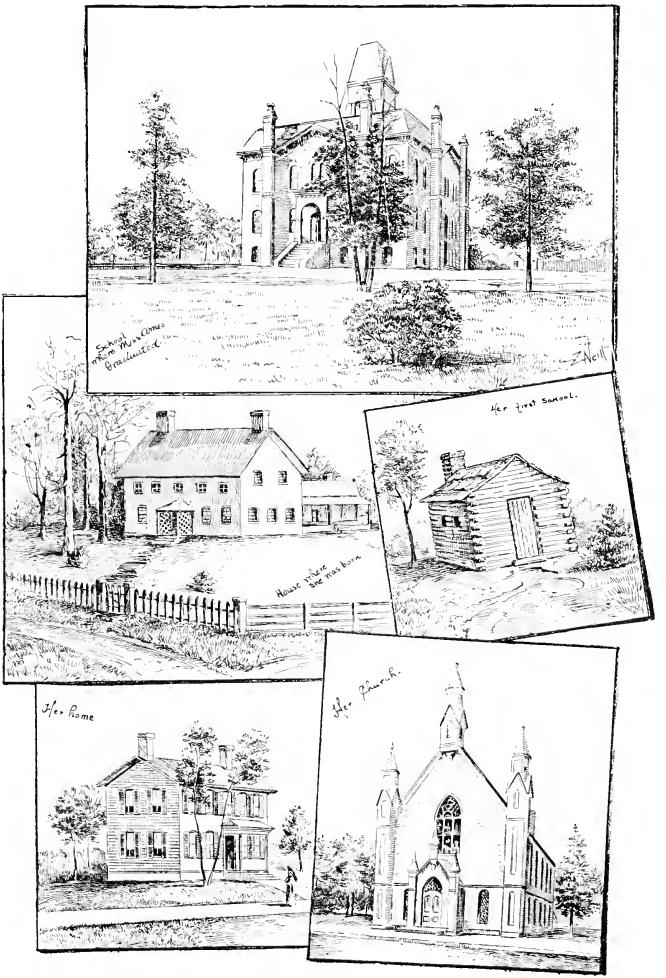
She did not aim, or desire, to take a college course. Literature and history, art and æsthetics were her favorite studies. She took all of these laid down in the college curriculum, some of the languages and natural sciences, and left school in June, 1881.

The Munsellian literary society, for which she desired to write the oration, had become very proud of her for her conscientious work and fine dramatic ability. She was a member of the Kappa Gamma Greek fraternity. Her sisters in these societies watched her career with pride and pleasure, and her memory will long be enshrined in their hearts. She attended the Monday evening prayer-meeting held by the young ladies of the Hall, and constantly let her influence be felt in favor of right living and right doing. She had a quick sense of humor, but an equally strong sense of decorum preserved her dignity under trying cir-

cumstances, and made her a sort of censor to her followers, who were numerous.

She was sensitive to her environments, and easily became *en rapport* with the highest teachings of philosophy and religion. She had observation and spiritual vitality. Her soul naturally repelled the low and groveling and went forth freely to seek kinship with the pure and lofty.

As I remember Julia, she was more serious than most girls of her age. Her conscience was not often, if ever, satisfied with her best endeavors. She had, even during her school days, that "divine dissatisfaction," as some one has put it, which urged her on, night and day. This was not disclosed by ordinary nervousness, or by that air of heavy business and much work which young people are apt to carry when they feel the first pressure of responsible individuality. Her inward urgings were known only to the observing few, by her thoughtfulness and persistent devotion to a subject until she had mastered it; or to her choicest friends by an occasional outpouring of her aspirations in an hour of quiet conference and confidence. She did not waste her time in idle castle-building. She did not cast a halo of glory about herself, born of her own imaginings, to proclaim herself as a girl of infinite longings, high aspirations, lofty hopes and awful fears. She did not beat her pretty wings against the homely limitations of this plodding, work-a-day world, and fret her young life into wrinkles and furrows of disappointment—and *all through no fault of hers*. No, Julia was not visionary, she was not sentimental, the times were not "out of


School where Miss Como graduated
Z Nell
House where she was born
Her first School.
Her Home
Her Church.

joint" for her. She was not unhappy. She was simply a calm, self-possessed, serious worker, a striver after the best. She had learned, somehow or other, to estimate somewhat properly the worth of this world. This was before she had learned to know and to love Robert Browning, as she afterward came to know and love him, but she already felt that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp." She seemed to realize that the works of a great soul always bear the marks of imperfection—failure to attain its ideal; but that this very imperfection implies the possibility of farther progress; and that

> "The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made."

Her favorite and often-quoted text was:

> "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Psalms xvii: 15.

When she first came to the Illinois Wesleyan University she had a strong desire to adopt the stage as a profession. This seems contradictory to what I have already said. But her ideal stage was quite different from the real; and as she realized more and more the impossibility of carrying out the good she planned in that profession, wiser counsel prevailed and she abandoned all thought of the stage, and decided to devote herself to some line of literary work.

Her independence of thought and action was very marked. Having settled a point in her own mind, it was settled.

Believing a thing to be proper and right, it was done. She did not wish to be helped in her studies or in her recitations. She liked the teacher best who let her recite, or fail, according to what she knew. She wished to become self-supporting as soon as possible. She used her money with as much care and economy as if it were grudgingly bestowed. This was the more remarkable from the fact that her supply was unstinted, and that she was urged to have expensive things which she refused. She believed her father's generosity unbounded, that she could never repay him for what he had already done for her, and that she ought to show her appreciation of his love and care by economy, and, as soon as possible, by earning her own living. Then, too, she felt that she had a work to do and longed to be about it. After leaving school she often said, "How can girls be satisfied with the round of little nothings to which they give themselves!" She pitied them and longed to lead them into broader and better work—into something which would widen their sympathies and make them better and more helpful in this world of sin and suffering.

I have spoken so much of Julia's thoughtfulness, that one might think her solemn. Not so. She was as bright and cheerful a girl as one would wish to see. She was not variable in moods. Her eyes sparkled at a repartee, and her face flashed into contagious laughter at a witticism. She hated sham and affectation of any kind. I do not remember anything that would more effectually close her lips, or in an extreme case, draw forth an arrow of sarcasm, as sham. On

the other hand, she was always kind and helpful to the unsophisticated or ignorant.

How often her face told me these pleasing stories of herself, as she sat opposite me at the table and assisted in serving and entertaining guests that came and went.

But how shall I speak of the love and self-sacrifice of which she was capable? Her inner sanctuary was for the few; but her sympathy and self-sacrifice were for all. I remember how she devoted herself to a young lady who had the misfortune to slip upon a muddy crossing and break her leg. It was a grave and startling event at the Hall. Julia turned nurse, installed herself in her schoolmate's room, showered the leg with water day and night with some help from others, stood by while the plaster cast was put on, and crowned all, in a few days, by placing Miss S—— in a rocking-chair and drawing her smoothly along, while another girl supported and carried the broken leg, and thus brought her from her small room in one wing of the house to Julia's large, airy room in the other, and then called me up to admire the achievement. My alarm and disapproval fell, however, before her assertion that the doctor had given his consent. The fact was, the doctor believed Julia's generalship equal to the undertaking, and he often said no broken leg ever got on better, and that it was all owing to the good nursing it had. Julia's studies went right on through all this, though I well remember the wearisome nights when the bones were knitting and none of us could comfort the suffering girl, and the doctor must be called. This young

lady had not been, so far as I knew, a particular friend of Julia's. But the girl's misfortune called out the cheerful helpfulness which went on developing so beautifully in these after years.

I loved her, and I love her with a great and undying love: but I can not be true to my life as an educator, can not be true to the hundreds of other students who have filled my classes and my heart, did I not say one thing more. Julia was not kind to herself in everything. She could not be impressed with the necessity and duty of caring for her health. Against all protests, she did much of her work at night and often went to school without breakfast. She wished it were otherwise, but declared she could not sleep if a lesson were left unlearned. She taxed herself beyond measure and would not be warned by the most solemn protests from those whom she loved and revered. She was careful of others in every particular, of herself in none. Blind to her own physical limitations, ill in bed at the Hall, she would have no physician. A friend lately reminded her of having called a physician against her protest, at the time alluded to. "Yes," was the playful reply, "and I have n't forgiven you for it yet." These habits, indulged in at school, went with her through her short life; and it may be that this girl, tenderly loved and prized by so many who would gladly have rescued her from peril—it is possible that she was the victim of neglect, and that her own. She was just coming into the prime of life, of highest and best womanhood, when she ceased from her labors. She had laid well the foundation in all things save one.

We who watched and loved her can only wish that she had cared more for her health, and perhaps—perhaps—she might have wrought a much greater work, who knows?

Emulate, if you will, her desire to know. Emulate her love of the good, the true, and the beautiful. Emulate her devotion to God and humanity, her will power, her energy, her executive ability, her winsomeness, her suavity. Emulate her virtues as a loving daughter, a devoted sister, a consecrated friend; but do not forget, as she did, to care for the casket which holds the jewel. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"

Julia was very fond of the fine arts. The first year she was in school, she saved money to send to Europe for views of scenery and masterpieces of art. She had the most intense longing to know about them, to see them for herself, and to be able to read their language. She cherished the thought that we would see Europe together, some day. I shall not soon forget the beautiful Sabbath we spent together not long before she sailed for the Old World, in 1890. She had come to urge me to accompany her, and I talked so hopefully of the possibility of my going that she was radiant all day long. We recalled so many happy things of the school-days and the girls, talked so much of present work, and of the bright future, that the hours slid by on a shining track. It was a satisfying day of full, free, and uninterrupted communing. At last, we had told all, had read each other through and through again, and were satisfied and happy. Never before had she bade me good-bye

without a sorrowful face, but she was so hopeful now of the future—and yet this was my last day with Julia. Only once more did I see her, when I bade her good-bye for her trip abroad, without knowing that those kisses would serve for the long, long farewell, as she journeyed to that land from which no traveler returns.

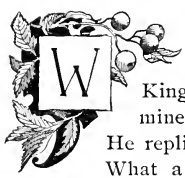
The sympathetic Charles Dickens said, "It is to the little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement." I recall Julia now at Commencement, the first after she had left school. The sunny face and brown eyes beamed upon me from under a broad-brimmed leghorn hat—the roses of which were not redder than her cheeks during all the exercises; and I was surprised and almost startled, when, upon greeting her at the close, the tears rained down her cheeks, and she clung to me with passionate eagerness as if she had just found a long lost lover. Never have I known any other with such intense devotion to a friend—such hunger as haunted her soul for those whom she loved!

How often she used to appear in my room after tea, archly saying, "I am so hungry to see you. Don't you want me to read to you?" She dearly loved poetry, travel, fiction. She enjoyed reading aloud and interchanging thoughts, especially about the interpretation of a poem, the poet's moods, his limitations, his beliefs or teachings. She was so frank and open-hearted, so transparent, that I seem to have had her with me ages rather than for two short years. Even at that time in her life she was the exemplification of Emerson's philosophy in regard to

friendship. She had the element of truth and the element of tenderness, and might have said with him, "Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years." In my last letter from her, dated June 26, 1891,—our correspondence was always irregular and at long intervals—she says: "One blessed thing about our friendship is, it is not in the least affected by time, or absence, or silence. I am sure I have my place in your heart, whatever may betide, and you have a large corner in mine." Her society was to me, and I am sure it was such to others, "poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself." And now, in the radiance of the past, she seems shrouded in a bright halo, undimmed by spot or blemish.

Home Life at Rest Cottage.

HELEN L. HOOD.



HAT is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too."

He replied, "I had a friend."

What a wondrous sentence and what a world of love and tenderness it covers. To me, writing from dear Rest Cottage, the home of my beloved leader, Miss Willard, hallowed by a thousand memories of the past, full of so many tender associations, these words, "I had a friend," are infinitely precious, for they express all of the love, trust and confidence which was between Yolande and myself, and which for six years was ours to enjoy without interruption.

I first became acquainted with her in the summer of 1885 at our Lake Bluff (Illinois) Training School—but our real acquaintance did not begin until the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention which was held a few months later at Philadelphia. On our way to the Convention, she was made a delegate by our Illinois white-ribboners, for

we all desired to honor such a noble, beautiful woman. Miss Ames was ill *en route*, and it was my great privilege to be the one to take care of her and arrange for her comfort. The Convention was a great revelation to her, and she enjoyed with enthusiasm all the meetings; the experience there gained, fixed, in a great measure, her longing to be a worker in the cause of humanity. On our way home, we talked long and earnestly about her future, I urging her all the while to come and cast in her lot with us "white-ribboners." A very pleasing little incident occurred during this homeward ride. Mrs. Matilda B. Carse was in our car, reading the novel "Yolande," by William Black. Seeing a resemblance in the character of the heroine of this book to Miss Ames, she called her to her side and requesting her to kneel, put her hand on her head, and kissing her lovingly on the forehead, said: "Arise! I dub thee, Yolande"— a name by which she was known afterwards by all her associates.

On her return, Yolande became actively engaged in the work of the Chicago Central Union, one of the oldest and most influential in the city. She instituted the work of preparing for the papers of that city weekly items of temperance news, and was made the Press Superintendent for the Union. I went with her to some of our city editors the first time she asked for entrance to their columns. From most of them she received a pleasant welcome, but one gentleman declared that temperance news was a stale article and not wanted. I remember the indignation with which we received this communication, and I remember also that we both lived to see the day when this same

editor congratulated Miss Ames on the success she had made of her Press work.

She became very much interested in the Bethesda Mission, which was conducted by the Chicago Union, and situated on Clark street, one of the worst streets of the city. Here every Sunday, no matter what the weather was, Miss Ames could be found teaching in the Sunday-school. We would usually meet at some appointed place beforehand, and go down together to the school, and talk on our way of Him who came to save such as these were. The picture comes to me now, of that fair, sweet face, in the midst of her little group of dirty-faced, ragged and unkempt children, having upon it the seal of the Master's approval because she was doing His work. This mission, as well as the one for homeless, friendless women, which the Union cares for, had an active worker in Miss Ames. The mission for women was named by her "The Anchorage," and for a long time she kept a white lily in the windows of its reading-room, so that the outcast women who passed its windows might see this pure flower, and, being attracted, might come in and learn of a better life.

In the spring of 1886, Miss Ames' family moved from Chicago, her well beloved brother, Elmer, having finished his law school, and gone west, and then she came to live with us at Rest Cottage. It was now her active life began, and as each burden of a new responsibility came to her, she rose to meet it with a cheerful spirit which helped greatly to overcome what difficulties there might be hidden in it. It was in the home life that Yolande was the most charming. To

a sweet, lovable disposition was added a graciousness of manner and cordiality that made all love her. She had rich mental gifts which made her a most charming entertainer. Her cultivated voice and trained elocutionary powers were often called into requisition by her enthusiastic audience of home folks at Rest Cottage, or at the simple festivals when neighbors gathered in its parlors; then she would recite James Whitcomb Riley's, "The gobble-uns 'll git you, ef you don't watch eout," with that inimitable expression of a scared child; or Josiah Allen's "Fourth of July at Jonesville," or my favorite, "Aux des Italiens," by Owen Meredith. None who have been present at these merry-doings will ever forget the radiant face of my beloved friend, the eyes bright with excitement, the tremulous lips full of expression, the dainty pink color in the classical face,—one moment the features lit up with laughter, the next bedimmed with tears, and her audience every one reflecting in their faces her own. Miss Willard and dear Madame Willard especially delighted in these little merry-makings, and Yolande was never tired of pleasing these whom she loved.

But it was in our own little study, which we had named "Sans-Souci," that the greatest heart comfort was taken by us. Here we had fitted up a room with dainty hangings, bric-a-brac, pictures and pretty souvenirs of friends and travels scattered around, and in this room were spent some of our happiest hours. She, with noble face, sitting in her favorite chair—a gift of mine to her,—and I in my easy-chair, which had been given me by our white-

ribboners at the Chicago National W. C. T. U. Convention, the table loaded with books, magazines and papers, the lamp shedding a soft, clear glow around; and there after the day's work was done we would sit and talk of our plans for the future, incidents of the day, or of spiritual things, and come nearer one to another in those confidences of heart to heart. Or, when our work was still undone by the ending of the day, and we sat at our separate desks writing, there was still that feeling of satisfaction and content because we were not far apart. Oftentimes friends would drop in, and then our little five o'clock tea-kettle was lit, and soon we were enjoying a cup of delicious tea, made more fragrant because of the dear hands that had prepared it; and so we would sit, a group of us—Esther Pugh, Mrs. Buell, Kate Jackson, Alice Briggs, Irene Fockler, Anna Gordon, noble white-ribboners, and other friends—with our beloved chieftain, Miss Willard, in the midst, and pass a pleasant hour.

Ah, me, those days and hours are gone, never to return again, and I, sitting now alone in the desolate room, with my heart filled with the memories of those blessed times, realize in all my sorrow and loneliness the brighter and happier times she now is having, my friend translated.

Yolande was a passionate lover of books, and was an eager student of them all her life. Possessing keen analytical powers, she could select the best and choicest portions, as she read, jotting down in notebook the sentences that pleased her most. Shakespere was her favorite author, and she would never

tire of repeating over special passages which had certain charms of expression in them. She would take several parts in some one favorite play, and portray them in a most realistic manner. Burns and Scott were both treasured bards, while the Brownings, husband and wife, she never tired of reading. In the earlier years of our friendship I was impressed with the decided journalistic talent which Yolande displayed, and some of the writings of those years show the careful reading and study which had been given in the topics treated. Macaulay's Essays, The Republic of Plato, Duties of Women, Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World, The English Language, Les Miserables, Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, How to Win, Savonarola and kindred books, show by their worn appearance how well they were read. She was a great admirer of Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant and our own Mary Lowe Dickinson; indeed, poetry was perhaps more loved by her than prose, for she enjoyed with her whole rich nature the music of the poets, especially when it touched upon the deep things of life; yet she had a keen sense of the humorous, and fully appreciated James Whitcomb Riley and other dialect writers. Her spiritual books were many in number. I have her well-worn copies of The Diary of an Old Soul, scored and marked, The Faith that Makes Faithful, The Imitation of Christ, As It Is in Heaven, Little Pilgrim, Edelweiss, Miss Havergal's Poems, Phillips Brooks' Sermons, The Higher Life, and many others of like character.

The spiritual part of my friend's nature was one of

great sweetness and richness, but one that while on earth was never satisfied. Her Bible was lined and interlined with thoughts which she had jotted down on favorite passages, and the heaviest scored ones are those which speak of the heavenly visions. She was one of the beloved of the Master, not wholly satisfied until she had heard Him speaking to her.

One of her favorite pastimes was to read aloud, and to me it was a perfect delight to sit still and watch the varying changes on her face and hear her rich, melodious voice, reading some article or book. Or we would have a discussion on some portion of the subject read, and thus try to give to one another the different impressions made upon our minds, and keep ourselves in accord with all the work of the times.

Yolande had always loved and honored, in a high degree, the great leader of the white-ribbon forces, Miss Frances E. Willard, so that when she came to live with us, another loyal, true and devoted admirer of our beloved President was added to our circle. Miss Willard had a wonderful influence over her life, a strong bond of love, appreciation and understanding being between them. Of the many memories of our home life that go trooping through my mind, none are so sweet as the remembrance of how these two, the elder and the younger comrade, would sit together in the "Den," a room which Yolande had helped to beautify, Miss Willard sitting in her favorite rocking-chair, her friend opposite, with papers and books scattered around, while they planned articles for *The Union Signal*, one of whose

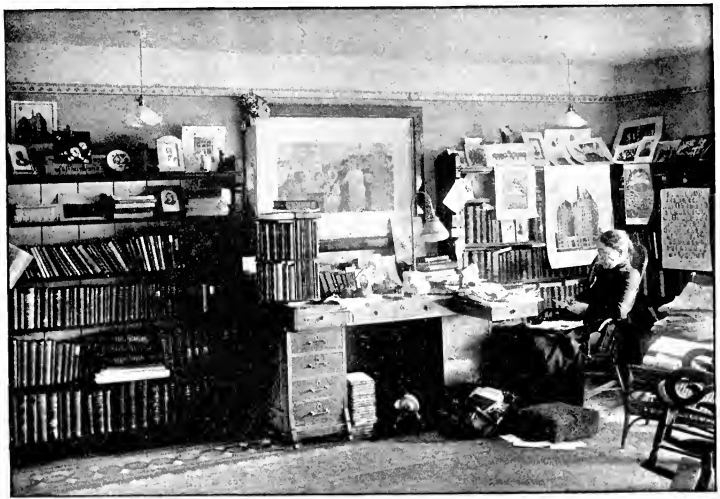
editors Miss Ames had become soon after taking up her residence at the Cottage, or read over some manuscript or talked over the general work. Occasionally a peal of laughter would ring out, for both of these friends had a keen sense of the ludicrous and were quick to catch the humorous side of things. Miss Willard as a conversationalist has no equal, and it was at these times that Yolande gained her greatest inspiration. The spiritual nature of my beloved was of the rarest type, it had deep undertones, and as a rose which the sun kisses, opens and lets the warmth and sunlight into its very heart—so when Yolande and Miss Willard talked of the "deep things" of God, did her spiritual nature grow and enlarge, and *one* listener of those talks always felt at such times that she was on holy ground.

The reasoning faculties of Yolande were continually called into play, because of the questions which her loved teacher was ever putting to her, calling out arguments which showed her trend and breadth of thought. Miss Willard was constantly giving Yolande opportunities for mental and spiritual growth, putting her in the way of securing such helps as would polish still more the fine-grained oak of her character. A hearty co-operation and approval was always given by this great friend of humanity, to plans which Yolande presented, which would in their workings advance the great causes of God and reform. No day was complete, when Miss Willard was at home, without her going up to the "Den" to see the "Chieftain," no task too arduous to perform if *she* desired it, no praise too great to be given to the

woman she so gladly followed ; love, loyalty, devotion on Yolande's part, love, appreciation, trust on Miss Willard's.

Dear Madame Willard was to my friend a great sheet anchor, for Yolande received from her the sweetest lessons of hope and trust. Often I would miss the dear one, and going into the parlor would find Madame Willard and herself talking over some passages of Scripture, or, perhaps, Yolande reading to her, or, it might be, they were earnestly discussing some point of belief. Those were deep draughts of spiritual waters which she quaffed there—and they gave her new strength to push forward and onward to the heavenly city, whose beauties she knows all about now ; whose mysteries she has solved and understands ; and I, who am left behind, find that the greatest and sweetest consolation I have had comes also from Madame Willard, who has helped to steady my barque when, in the fearful storm of sorrow and loneliness which has come on me, the timbers creaked and the anchor was well-nigh torn from its moorings.

The artist instinct was strong in Yolande, and she was quick to detect all incongruous elements, and with a single touch would bring out of what was before confusion, harmony in color and arrangement. She was a passionate lover of flowers, reveling in their fragrance and richness, their beauty being reflected in her own lovely face. At so many of our little gatherings did her deft fingers arrange flowers, and glasses, and the dainty little bric-a-brac of the house and table furnishings, making things look like fairyland.



REST COTTAGE—THE DEN.

She visited Europe in 1890, being gone for months, and satisfied some of her longings for the beautiful, in the scenes she visited, the paintings and statues she looked on. While in England she became acquainted with that gracious, royal woman, Isabel, Lady Henry Somerset, who afterwards became another strong factor in her life, giving her love and trust which lasted until her death. In her letters, and on her return, Yolande was full of praise for this consecrated, beautiful character—recognizing the fact that she was a great leader, whose heart was full of a desire to make the world better, and bring it nearer to Christ.

Yolande was unqualifiedly trusted by her friends—her gentleness and true heart making for her friends by the score, and she stood surrounded by as true and loving ones as ever a woman had: Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, who induced Yolande to enter the journalistic field; Miss Esther Pugh, our National W. C. T. U. treasurer; Misses West, Sudduth, Guernsey, and Mrs. Andrew, her associates in the office; Anna Gordon, Kate Jackson, Miss Scovil, Alice Briggs, Ruby Gilbert, and others, who came into almost daily contact with her, were among those she loved and clung to.

She had never lost by death any friend or relative to whom she was greatly attached, and once when speaking to me on this subject she said: "Helen, I have never known what real sorrow is, the winds have not blown roughly on me; why should I not thank God unceasingly because of what He has done for me?" And I, sitting in the stillness of our separation, thank the dear Father that her life was so sunny and full of richness; that she had never faced

its strong, rough phases, but that, sheltered and shielded by loving hearts and strong hands, she had escaped much of its agony and heart break.

And so our lives ran on—six years of blessed joy and love, one with another; years when we met and conquered difficulties together—when the battles of life were fought out by each other's side. It was a loving comradeship, a daily going in and out, no separation—one purpose—one life-work. But for some good reason, which God one day will reveal, the end came. In Boston, attending the National W. C. T. U. Convention of 1891, my friend was taken ill and we went to one of the hospitals for treatment. In our room there, together, we lived some of the happiest days of our happy life. We were both tired and worn, as the work during the last year had been unusually severe and perplexing, so that Yolande spoke for me when she said: "Helen, I am glad we two are going to be shut in together; what a good time we shall have, only you and I." The days went on and to all human appearance my loved one was getting better. How we talked and planned for the future—how, in the quiet and stillness, we again entered deeper into one another's lives and became closer united in our life-work. That last day—how we thought of the "home going" which we hoped soon was to be ours—the desires of our lives grew stronger—before God we reconsecrated our lives to His service—"It will be victory, Helen," she often said, keeping in mind a song called "Victory" which had been a favorite one in the Convention. And the night came on, and the dreaded

Presence of Death listened, while we, unconscious of his nearness, talked of life; soon, with but little warning, I knew that my friend was leaving me, and soon I knew, with an agony of heart, that *she was not*, for the Master had come and claimed His own. Then something in me, also, died.

We dressed her in fair robes, kind friends assisting, and then they said to me, "Come, and see her." And I went to my friend, and, taking her in my arms, saw upon her still face the glorious triumph of a risen soul, and through my grief came these words from her: "Helen, *it is* the victory; I am satisfied, for I am awake and in His likeness." I carried her home to our loved Rest Cottage and there with her in the midst, with Miss Willard, and other dear ones, we held our simple, loving service. The flowers which she so dearly loved, were in profusion in the "sanctum" of dear Anna Gordon, where my friend was lying, and a sweet smile of content seemed on her face because she was in the home that she loved so well, and with those whom she loved so devotedly. The next day, with the song, "God be with you till we meet again," ringing out on the morning air, as for the last time she left Rest Cottage, I carried her to her home in Streator, and stood beside the grave which contained only the body of my comrade, and knew that for me during all the rest of life the pathway will be lonely, because I must walk it without her.

With the ever-present memory of our friendship on earth, with the remembrance of that noble, Christ-like life, with her beautiful face, perfect in feature, constantly in my heart, I can say, not "I had a

friend," but, "I *have* a friend," whose life is going on and on—sunny it was, here, glorious light is it there.

"God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light."

In the Work-a-day World.

MARY ALLEN WEST.

MISS WILLARD writes me, "Lady Henry Somerset and I are preparing a book in memory of Yolande; we are especially desirous of knowing those things about her which you know the best; the spirit and temper she showed in the office, the ingenious methods by which she sought to build up the paper, the fun, the pathos, any and every thing that comes to your mind as helpful to young women journalists."

Could I portray what Miss Ames was in the office, as she stands in my own mind, it would be both an inspiration and a model to all young journalists. But that is impossible; hers was a pervading presence, like the fragrance of mignonette, recognized everywhere, yet difficult to fix and analyze.

Had she exercised her gift of writing, instead of the higher one of inspiring authorship in others, we should have her published writings from which to draw something tangible to present to those who were never blessed by knowing her, and thus show them what her work was. But this we have not. Her

great diffidence about writing, was ever a mystery to me, nor can I even now account for it ; that she could write admirably, her private letters and occasional papers read before literary societies abundantly testify ; but she shrank from writing anything to appear in print like a diffident school-girl. It seemed as if her life, like that of many silent poets, was enriched and fructified by what she *did not* write, the unuttered power and pathos which, restrained within her own soul, kept it in touch with noble and beautiful thought everywhere. This, it may be, was the divining-rod which led her so unerringly to discover unsuspected wells within others' beings.

But I must try to analyze, that I may show you what was "the spirit and temper she showed in the office."

First, it seems to me, was her intense desire after excellence, to do everything in the best possible way. This was displayed in whatever she did. One of her early teachers told me only a few days ago that this was the one characteristic which most impressed him when she was his pupil ; she was never satisfied with doing any but the very best work.

Closely allied to this, was her teachableness, her eagerness to learn the more excellent way, let the teacher be whom it might. During the five years we worked together, I do not believe there was a day when we were both in the office, in which she did not come to me with the question, "Do you think this would be a good plan?" or, "Would you arrange this so?" At an editorial banquet, she quietly drew from all the leading editors present their views and

ways of working in a specific direction she was at that time investigating. Yet so adroitly was this done, that I doubt if one of those grave and reverend seigniors suspected he was giving the bright-faced young woman the very information of which she was then in search.

Yet hers was no passive receptivity; she did not simply absorb, but culled, adapted, digested. "She asked other folks' advice and then did as she had a mind to," an admirable thing to do, by the way, as it implies the power of discrimination, which she possessed in eminent degree. I never knew one whose judgment was more trustworthy.

Her quick and keen appreciation of the demands of the times, developed by the ever-varying conditions of our work, was another characteristic which marked her a born journalist. She realized just what was needed; her rapid reading of the morning paper on the cars often brought her to my desk with the suggestion, "We need an editorial on that." And her constant, watchful outlook over the wide field kept her full of plans for the consideration of this subject or that.

Instinctively she seemed to know the right one to present the desired phase of the subject, and her magic wand drew out clear waters from what, to me, had proved flinty rock. Making all due allowance for the fact that when she took charge of its contributed department, *The Union Signal* had grown out of its experimental stage when first-class writers looked askance at it, into a world-wide circulation which commanded their respect, and that its finances

allowed it to pay for contributions, an impossibility in its earlier days, there still remains a wide margin which must be credited to her winning power in securing contributions. Nobody with a heart could refuse her, especially if a personal interview allowed the winsomeness of her face to add its attractive power to that of voice or pen. This is the testimony given over and over again by the busiest writers in the land, "We could not refuse Miss Ames."

Her power as a letter writer, especially along this line, was exceptional; like all her powers, this was assiduously and conscientiously cultivated. She carefully studied, not only the subjects she wished presented, and reasons why the ones she had chosen were the very ones to present them, but she studied quite as carefully the tastes and dispositions of those to whom she applied, and carefully adapted her appeal to these tastes and dispositions. All this was done in perfect accord with the underlying stratum of her character, pure genuineness. She never flattered nor fawned; what she said came straight from the heart, a heart instructed by a wise, discriminating head.

She was original and suggestive; she originated the departments of Illustrated Biographies and Queen's Gardens, as well as many minor improvements. She studied the style of leading journals to gain suggestions for our own; she was very particular about the make-up of her pages, that they might look attractive, and by proper position give each article its due weight.

"Seeketh not her own, is not puffed up," was pre-eminently true of Miss Ames. Jealous of herself, lest any imperfect work should come from her hand, she was jealous of no one else, but rejoiced in all the praise given to others. She never sought it for herself; for her, "the end crowned the work"; she needed not the praise of others to complete her joy in work well done. A sharp critic upon her own work, she naturally desired excellence in the work of those associated with her; but if ever, for a moment, "make-up" and "proof reader" thought her exacting, they were soon brought to see that her way was the best way and that improved results more than compensated for the extra trouble. Thus she kept up a high standard of excellence in the mechanical, as well as the literary execution of the paper. A sweet reasonableness pervaded all her conduct with employés, and endeared her to them.

Never, we believe, was more sincere mourning among employés when an editor died, than among ours, when Miss Ames was called up higher. She had been as a loving sister to them, unobtrusively entering into their sorrows, rejoicing in their successes, genuinely glad for all that made them happy. Her coming brought sunshine into the darkest day, her quiet, cheery laugh was sweet music which no clatter of machinery could drown.

No picture of Miss Ames in the office would be complete without the lights thrown by her intercourse with visitors. No matter how busy or tired she was, nor how prosy or tiresome the visitor might be, her sweet Christian courtesy never failed. When,

as was more frequently the case, the caller was one of "our own," her whole nature seemed to expand in pleasant welcome, making that hour a memorable one to the visitor ever after.

There were depths in her nature no pen-plummet can sound; confidences of the sanctum too sacred for public gaze. Bright, winning, joyous as she was, hers was an intensely sensitive soul; she could not have possessed the power she did had this not been so—and it could not help being often wounded. A cold or harsh word would bring the tears into those beautiful eyes and the quiver to those expressive lips.

As the weeks and months passed on, she became more and more fully Christ-possessed; no other word expresses the power which came to rule that young life. She talked very little of the change her soul was undergoing, but we all felt it. Such rapid spiritual development is rarely witnessed; it seemed like the growth of vegetation in Southern California, where a night of mist and rain and a day of sunshine bring lilies and roses into full, perfected bloom. Her asphodels were full-bloomed when the boatman came.

TRIBUTES OF CO-LABORERS.

Our Yolande had two sides. All great characters have. She was not "two-sided," but the world knew her in one way, and her intimate friends in another. To those who saw her but casually, she was sanguine, light-hearted, vivacious. To those who were in close

daily contact, and could see the depths and heights of her heart's purposes, she was strangely serious, weighted down with the solemnity of life and her own vital relation to it.

With ideals high as heaven for others, as well as for herself, the shortcomings of none pained her so deeply as her own. Her judgment was tempered with a charity most rare. Discriminating in her praise, she was not slow to speak her gratitude and appreciation.

Winsomeness was her chief characteristic. Irresistible in her pleading, it was well that no taint of selfishness or personal ambition marred her plans and thwarted her life's purposes. Her beaming face brightened every darkened room, and her matchless smile and musical voice, so sweet in tone and strong in revealed character, together with her keen perception and ready wit, bridged many a real difficulty and dispelled many an imaginary one. She put fear to flight and crowned doubt with hope. Never too much absorbed in her own heavy duties to lend a sympathetic ear to others, her counsel was always sought in a perplexity and never did she fail.

Purity of aim, breadth of vision, directness of attack and enthusiasm of execution marked her every act.

Beautiful we called her, and beautiful she was, but since the spirit has left the temple, we know that it was the SOUL that lighted that face and gave it its power and beauty.

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

Hail and farewell, beloved! We would not have it otherwise. Earth is poorer for your going, but heaven is richer. Once more, farewell!

Margaret A. Sudduth.
Associate Editor

ONLY AT REST.

What, dead?
When we loved her so,
And her heart replied,
Pulsing warm with Love's glowing tide?

What, dead?
In the flush of morn,
Her life-sky bright,
Dawnlight darkened to sudden night?

What, dead?
E'en the generous hands
Forever still,
Answering not to life's quick thrill?

Not dead!
Faith never dies;
Truth lives for aye,
In the golden glow of the perfect day.

Not dead!
Love can not die,
Still she is ours,
Only at rest in the heart of the flowers.

Only at rest,
And loving us yet,
With love that shall never know
Change or regret.

Alice M. Guernsey.
Editor Books and Leaflets.

Yolande! at the mention of that name one of the fairest and dearest faces I have ever looked upon on earth comes before me. I see eyes, honest, large and loving—once looked into, you could never doubt the owner. And the lips, so sensitive, tender and tremulous, what a world of sweetness gathered about them. Who could resist her pleadings!—when such lips spoke she won all hearts. Her aim was always high, and every undertaking succeeded that she enlisted in, because she gave herself unselfishly to it with such enthusiasm and honest, earnest work that success was inevitable. A character more rounded and beautiful I have never known. She was ripe for the heavenly home.

Sweet young comrade! the tears rush unbidden to my eyes as I think of the poverty of the earth without you—but surely heaven seems richer, nearer, brighter and more to be desired for your going. Yolande Ames, at thirty, had lived longer and accomplished more than most women at threescore years and ten. We must remember that high aim, not years, is living. Her life and memory should be kept in loving remembrance by our young women.

Matilda B. Carse.
President W. T. P. A.

And Julia Ames is dead? How can it be? The first impulse said, We can not consent to it. Why, only a few weeks ago she came to tell me that friends wanted her to engage in other activities, and I exclaimed: "No; we can not spare you!" And now we must, although unreconciled.

Of all the workers in our busy hive, she could least be spared. The sunshine of her happy life shed a radiance that was everywhere a benediction. Her very presence was helpful. In perplexity, she was clear-headed and sound in judgment; in taste, discriminating and wise; in trouble, cheery and helpful; in labor, self-sacrificing and faithful; in service, true and loyal; in friendship, devoted. Her Christian principles permeated her life and were uplifting to others.

Her memory clings to us as the fragrance of a choice blossom from the garden of our God.

Fanny H. Rastall.

Business Manager W. T. F. A.

A tribute to Yolande? She needs it not. Word of mine can not add to the precious memories of her, filling all hearts here, can not add to her happiness—there. My one thought of her is—*she lives*—gloriously, exultantly, triumphantly—*lives*.

Yolande had much in her earth-life; she had, I believe, her heart's desire in entering the heavenly

life, for, with Mrs. Barbauld, I think she would have said:

"Life! * * * 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
So steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'good-morning.'"

But in the new life, Yolande has *all things*,—all purity, all knowledge, all service,—has the free, abounding life for which she longed. In that life as in this,

"Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood,
It is a great spirit and a busy heart,"

and so Yolande *lives* and is "satisfied."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most—feels the noblest - acts the best."

Thus reckoning time, Yolande's life, always impelled toward the highest, the purest, the best, was not short, for she lived, loved, suffered, with all the intensity of a strong, deep nature.

"The coward, and the small in soul, scarce do live;
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
* * * * * * *

Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world,"

(Those dead to self, I think the poet means.)

"Why will we live and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless—*till we die.*"

So living, so dying, may we go on to greet the friend who has gone on before,

"Just to learn the Heaven for 'welcome'
To that bright and blessed shore."

Ruby J. Gilbert,
Cashier W. T. P. A.

My pen pauses long and reverently before it fixes in black and white a tribute that is heart-deep, and would be, if it could, complete and fitting.

It is as one of Miss Ames' assistants in the editorial rooms, that I wish to write a testimony that, do the best I will, must fall far short of the truth.

I loved her first when I saw her first — the day she bade me, a stranger in Chicago, welcome, in that gracious, heartsome way, peculiarly her own, that made one feel truly *well-come.*

I was her stenographer, and even when thoroughly tired it did me good when she would say, "Can you write *endless* letters for me to-day?" Her correspondents all over the world know what those letters were like — I only wish they could know how

they were written. It is one thing to write always kindly, generously, patiently — another thing to feel the kindness, generosity and patience, when before one is a desk almost hidden by the ever-incoming work ; when the dictation is given amid almost countless interruptions, or with a body and mind wearied well-nigh beyond endurance. But it used to give me a feeling curiously like triumph to watch Miss Ames at such times and never witness a failure. The phrases oftenest on her lips, when we were shut up together over a bewildering mass of letters, were such as these : "We must write *this* letter our very prettymost" ; "Help me, dear, to say this *just right;* I never want to say 'no' unkindly" ; "I wish I had time to write *better* letters." Sometimes work crowded, so she could not even dictate some of the mere business letters and would intrust them to me, saying : "Be kind, — that is the best way, you know." Several times, upon examining letters thus left to me, she returned one or more with the gentle criticism, "You have said it all, but I am a bit afraid it will not read the way we mean it. Can't you take the abruptness out?" All this, not for praise or notice, but from the innate, gentle womanliness, which would not wound the remotest stranger by any possibility.

We understand people better, somehow, when they have passed into that "next room" none enter save at the bidding of the King, and I think now I read deeper into the underlying motives that made Miss Ames such a painstaking letter-writer. Was it not because she realized that written words,

after all, are living things, and must touch living hearts for weal or woe? I could write a thousand minute instances in which I read those shining traits that made her so lovable and so beloved. As I sat at my desk in our reception-room I used to pause in my work sometimes because of the charm in her manner as she met callers, or because of the beauty in her voice as she read aloud to her office-mate.

Personally, I have many a lovely deed for which to hold her in long and tender memory. Yet I never thanked her—she made it impossible. There are some people it is easy to thank for deeds and gifts; but are there not souls whose giving and doing is so entirely away from self, that appreciation can only be shown by silent acceptance? Thus, I was ever silent before her kindnesses, but I have no fear that she misunderstood. How many times she made me "rest absolutely for just five minutes," drawing me into her room away from work, and pushing me gently into a chair beside her. Sometimes, when I thought I was too weary or too busy for the noonday lunch, I would come to my desk after an absence from the room, and find one waiting, and hear, "You just eat that for me!"

But my thoughts linger most tenderly about one day I spent with her—November 3rd. The evening before, she called me into her room, and giving me one of her bonny smiles, said, "Dear, I have a scheme—just for you and me. We are going to do our work to-morrow at Rest Cottage. We will just run away from every one." She was not well, then, and I had been tired for some time. The next

morning I went with note-book and pencils to Evanston and Rest Cottage—my first visit to both. She met me as, it seemed to me, only Miss Ames could meet and greet any one, and removing my wraps with her own hands, led me into a room which she called "ours"—her own and Miss Hood's. She put me into a great "dreaming chair," placed a rest for my feet, and leaning over kissed my forehead, saying, "Now, rest"; she left me, and as I had no work I could possibly do, I did rest body and soul, in that beautiful room. When she came back, she gave me some writing to do, and, as I wrote, brought a plate with white and purple grapes, a golden orange and a rosy-cheeked apple. "Eat and work—then it is more like play!" But she took none herself, and I wondered if she ever "played" except to please some one else. By and by she took me by the hand, saying, "Now, we will go over the house." And so, though I had gone to work, the "play" and rest predominated. I reminded her of it, thinking she really needed me, for it was just before the great Convention. "Never mind the work. I brought you here more for a change than anything else. Did n't I say it was a *scheme?*" Then the lovely scheme went on, while she took me from room to room, adding charm to the surroundings by her vivid bits of explanation and narrative. Last of all, we went to "The Den" and there I was presented to Madame Willard. As a child once said upon an occasion of glad solemnity—"It was like being in church!"

We worked, then, for the rest of the day—that is, *she* did. She kept urging me to "rest," for she

knew how tired I had been, for a long time, of city sights and sounds, and seemed to know how her generous "scheme" was refreshing me.

That was almost the last work I did for her,—then came the hurry of preparation before the departure for Boston. Just before she passed through the office door, after she bade me good-bye with a laughing injunction to "be good," I called after her, "Oh, *do* take care of yourself!" and laden though she was with packages, hurried though she was, and surrounded by her friends and companions, she turned about and shook her finger at me, smiled, nodded her head and was gone. It was as if the sun had suddenly gone down. And it *had*. *That* bright, soul-sunshine has never shone in these rooms since, though, somehow, when we talk about her, there is a lightening of the shadow that reminds one of the world-sunlight seen through a mist of rain.

What more can I say? Her loved ones have well-nigh exhausted phrases to tell what she was and how endeared to them. Surely she was, and *is*, in preciousness of heart and mind and soul, "far above rubies."

Ada M. Melville.
Editorial Secretary.

How She Impressed Me.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

I HAD just finished my first address as President of the British Women's Temperance Association, in May, 1890, when I turned to Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, who stood on the platform by my side, and she presented to me a lady who had accompanied her to the meeting. I stretched out my hand to greet the guest who had been sent as a delegate from the White-Ribbon army, and as I clasped her hand I looked for the first time into the face of Julia Ames. Bright, eager, and buoyant, with that sympathetic smile which meets one like a flood of sunshine, a more intellectually beautiful girl I had never seen. Her warm greeting and her earnest manner were singularly striking, and as I left the hall I thought that America had certainly sent us one of her choicest spirits.

I met her again at the home of our mutual friend and sat with her through one long summer afternoon, looking out on the river where the boats were passing to and fro, talking of all the topics nearest to me and

which for the last few years had formed her life's occupation. She told me how she entered the journalistic career, and I questioned her of all the grand work women have accomplished in America, of the onward march of the great reform army, and of its President, who had long been a figure of deepest interest to me. Her glowing words of admiration and the deep love with which she spoke of her great leader, only increased my earnest desire to know Miss Willard.

It has been my good fortune through life to meet many intelligent women, but I never remember being more impressed with the thorough whole-heartedness of so young a girl. Her eager desire for knowledge was almost pathetic, as was her determination that not a moment should be lost, during her short stay, in laying up fresh stores of information in the old country. I have always held that journalism is to-day "the gift of prophecy," which Miss Willard so aptly calls the sixth sense, and this prescience of coming events was a strong characteristic of Julia Ames. An idea only half expressed would soon formulate in her mind as an exact thought; she was so quick to seize a situation and grasp an opportunity. W. T. Stead spoke to me of her talent with warm admiration. "I have never met a young woman," said he, "who struck me as having so great a talent for journalism."

During the summer she accompanied me to one of our monthly conferences where she was to speak of the Press work that was so near her heart. I can see her now, as she stood before the audience, dignified and calm, as with a voice sweet and deep she handled

a subject that from other lips and from another mind might have been dull and business-like, but she gave it such a touch of poetry and a sense of consecration that her words brought tears to my eyes. Everything seemed hallowed : the daily grind of a journalist's life, the art of compositors, even the mechanical work of the proof-reader, all were interwoven with the highest thoughts and noblest purposes. There was to my mind something heroic in the enthusiasm with which she spoke of the career that she had adopted. Her words gave an inspiration to her hearers and at the close of the meeting one of our brightest women arose and volunteered for the work at once, and I believe the impression made that day still lives in our hearts.

Later in the season she stayed with me at Eastnor Castle. How well I remember her bright face and the look of joyous health that gave her such charm, as she came forward out of the darkness into the glow of light as I went to bid her welcome to my home. The house was full of visitors, and, during her stay, one and all took occasion to tell me how much they appreciated her intellect and beautiful refinement of character. It was during this short visit that I sounded her deeper nature. One early autumn morning as we went together to attend a little meeting that was held for the people among the hills, as we drove through the soft, balmy air she told me some of her higher aspirations and much of her inner thoughts, and I realized how true and thorough and whole-hearted was the consecration of her life. Her visit to Ober-Ammergau had made a deep impression on her mind ; and when I asked her if she did not feel

in some way that the scenes were almost repellant in their realism, she said in her earnest way, "They brought Christ nearer to me than He had ever been before," and there was something in her tone that made me feel that He was near, indeed.

I saw her again when, for the first time, I stepped on American soil, and it was to me as if a home face had come from across the water. I saw her at Boston, self-sacrificing, devoted to the last, caring for all except herself and forgetting her own interest in the loyal desire to do all she knew for the cause she held so dear.

I saw her last, stretched on her bed of sickness with her devoted friend, Miss Hood, beside her, and as I laid some flowers in her hand there came to me the strong presentiment that I should see her no more until we met in the fields of light. Beautiful Yolande! Our greeting will be sweet on those shores, sweeter even than it was when you held out your hand and smiled upon me here in the new country.

From

"Hands now folded in the dreamless
sleep."

England.

May 20, 1890.

TO-DAY I first set foot on English soil. What a history has this little island and what an influence on the history of the world! Every foot of its green soil could speak eloquently of great events.

Arriving in Dublin at 4:30 a. m., I sang "Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking," as we drove to the station; after a wretched breakfast we took the train for Kingstown, where we found an elegant mail steamer in readiness to take us to Holyhead, sixty-six miles distant. We caught delightful glimpses of the Welsh coast and in four hours reached shore, where we took the express train for London. At classic Chester we stopped for lunch and Mrs. Barnes ordered a "basket." *Such* a nice way, for you can eat at your leisure and leave the basket in the compartment! I did want to stop at that old city, one of the chief military stations of the Romans in Britain, and walk around the walls which completely surround it.

All day we were kept in a state of exclamation, for the country looked like a garden. The farms are not much larger than our lawns and as perfectly

kept; snow-white sheep dotted the green grass, and daisies and buttercups were as thick as the stars on a summer night and looked much like them.

At 6:30 we reached Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith's door, and found a note telling us to come at once to Memorial Hall to a reception given by the British Women's Temperance Association. So, after taking tea and donning our other gowns, we hastened to meet our "sisters." How sweet Mrs. Smith's "benediction face" looked! The first person to greet us was Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, and I was glad to sit by her side and hear her speak, with no shadow between us as there always seems to be at our National Conventions. I was introduced, and said a few words in response. How glad we were to go to bed and sleep! I felt so sensibly the Everlasting Arms around me and prayed God to keep my loved ones safely until we meet again!

May 21.—A beautiful day. I asked Mr. Smith where the notorious London fog was. He said the sun was behaving unusually well for our benefit, but often it was so dark at noon you could not see a step before you, and could only find your way by having a small boy by your side with a torch. I was charmed with Mr. Smith. He looks like an Englishman and talks like one, and is so refined and genial, is devoted to culture and has the entrée to all literary circles.

After breakfast we hastened to the Convention of the British Women's Temperance Association. I spread out the literature of our Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, and then went to the platform. Was surprised and delighted at the fluency of

the speakers, but everything seemed very "cut and dried," for no motion was made from the floor, everything was introduced by some lady who had been previously selected, seconded by some one else and supported by others. We learned that to present a resolution, or second it, meant an opportunity for a speech, often on another subject. They always ended with, "I have great pleasure in seconding (or supporting) the resolution." The vote was taken by blue cards, each delegate holding up her card. Very funny it seemed to us to hear the chairman say, "Thank you." Indeed, this is a thankful nation; everything you do is acknowledged in this way. We called Jimmie, our cabin boy on the ship, "Little Thank You."

Lady Henry Somerset quite captured my heart. Hannah Whitall Smith asked her how it was that she became so earnest a Christian. She said, with her it was either black or white, and so one entire winter she shut herself up and communed with God and learned of Him. She is so noble and true; devotes herself to good works. Mrs. Smith said when she was at Eastnor Castle last winter, there were two poor consumptives there, dying; each had a trained nurse and every comfort, and the only tie that bound them to their hostess was that which makes the whole world kin.

Lady Henry's inauguration address was royal, a classic in its diction, and her rarely beautiful spirit shone through it. How Miss Willard will love her, for she is broad and progressive like our own beloved leader. Whenever Miss Willard's name was men-

tioned, how the audience cheered ! A royal welcome awaits you, beloved, on this side.

The British women were all so kind to us. Many were the invitations we received to visit them at their homes.

May 22.—The feature of to-day's meeting was the evening session held in the large hall. Mrs. Barnes did splendidly. Representatives from ten noble families sat upon the platform. The sister-in-law of Charles Kingsley read a fine paper and Antoinette Sterling sang most exquisitely. Her voice is remarkably rich and pure. How rich in soul-food have been these last two days ! Blessings on all my loved friends who helped me to this feast ! How good God has ever been to me ! My heart for gladness sings His praise !

May 23.—This morning I spent in writing to the loved ones at home. In the afternoon we went to call upon Lady Henry Somerset. We talked over all phases of the work and I am *delighted* with her progressiveness.

Mr. Smith called for us in the carriage, with coachman in livery, at five o'clock, and away we went to join the swells in Hyde Park.

This beautiful park covers an area of eight hundred and ninety acres ; it was laid out under Henry VIII. and is one of the most frequented and lovely scenes in London. In the Drive we passed an unbroken file of the most elegant equipages I ever saw, drawn by high-bred horses in handsome trappings, presided over by sleek coachmen and powdered lackeys, and occupied by beautiful women most

exquisitely dressed. In Rotten Row were many lady and gentlemen riders on glossy steeds, and standing and sitting to watch *us* go by, were thousands of admiring people.

I could hardly believe it was *I*, sitting there in such style. But my heart was at Rest Cottage.

Beautiful statues adorn the park, the Serpentine was covered with boats filled with happy people, and all the world seemed joyous this beautiful May day.

May 24.—I stole down to the National Gallery and had a delicious hour. To think that this huge building erected in 1832–38 at a cost of £96,000 and containing over twelve hundred pictures, should have grown from the Angerstein collection of thirty-eight paintings!

I was delighted to find many old favorites, among them Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, and many by Landseer. "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society" looked at me as if he would speak and bid me welcome.

The pictures of St. Augustine and St. Monica held me spellbound, so pure and heavenly was the expression of their faces. I must go again, soon, to this rare gallery.

This afternoon was perfect and Mr. Smith took us in the "American" carriage to drive. We wound in and out through narrow little lanes with quaint old houses, until we came to Battersea Park, one hundred and eighty-five acres in extent, and for the especial use of the poor. All kinds of amusements are furnished, and what a good time the people were having!

We passed miles and miles of villas, each with its peculiar name. The hawthorn trees looked like snowbanks and the perfume was like elixir. We drew long breaths and wished our lungs could expand more. Eight miles of beauty form this park. We saw large herds of deer. Such beautiful creatures they are!

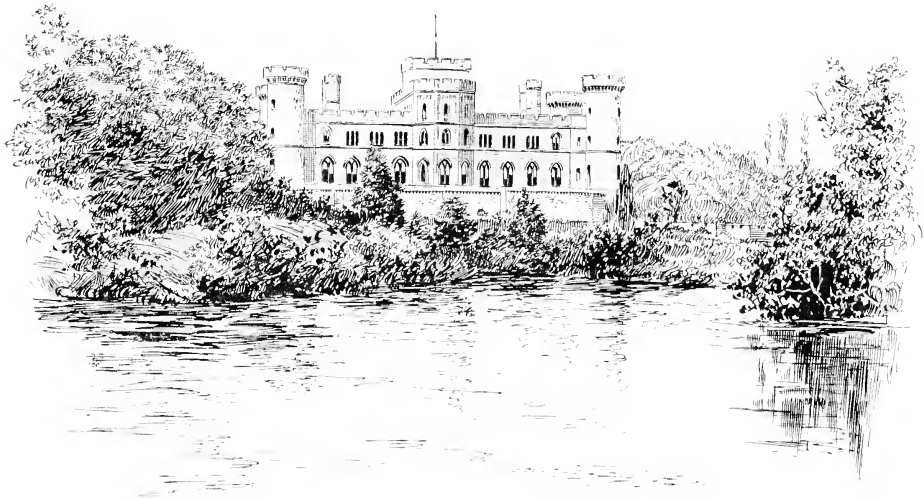
We went to the Star and Garter Inn, and had a fine view of the Thames from the terrace. No river is so given up to pleasure. From this point the regatta starts. Pembroke Lodge in this park was the seat of the illustrious statesman, Lord John Russell, and the small church of Richmond contains the tomb of Edmund Kean, the famous actor.

The drive home was very pleasant and dinner thoroughly enjoyed. I spent the evening with Mr. Smith on his balcony. The scene was bewitching; as the sun set about nine o'clock, Lambeth Bridge and Palace were all aglow and the hum of the great city as it sank to rest was a soothing lullaby.

Sunday, May 25.—My first Sunday in this great, historic old city! A world in itself. It does not seem possible that within its borders dwell five million souls, each with as distinct an individuality as my own.

Oh, this poor humanity which "beats its life along the stony street"! How it goes to my heart to see the faces of some of the poor, care-worn women! Still, the opportunities of pleasure for the poor are innumerable: parks, galleries, museums, gardens, all are open to them.

This is Whitsunday, the day Christ established His church. I can not express my feelings as I



EASTNOR CASTLE.

entered Westminster Abbey, the English "Temple of Fame" of which I had read and dreamed. How the organ pealed out and the great vaulted roof echoed and re-echoed the "Praises to God in the Highest"! A white dove kept flying back and forth, from rafter to rafter, and hovered over the head of the Canon in his long, black gown, as he partook of the sacrament. The sermon was by a young man and was very tame. According to him, the only way to reach Christ is through the Church. At eleven o'clock the service was over, and I slipped into St. Margaret's Chapel to hear dear Canon Farrar. It was comforting to hear him speak of a personal Christ who can come to us anywhere.

The light through the stained glass memorial window, placed in the east end by George Childs, of Philadelphia, rested on the heads of the congregation like a halo, and I felt I was on hallowed ground. On every side were tablets in memory of great men who have lived for others, not themselves, and so won love and an eternal monument.

We spent the afternoon and evening quietly at home. Lady Henry Somerset took tea with us and we had a nice visit.

May 26.—Whitsun Monday is a great holiday. Early in the morning the people began to go by the house in groups, dressed in their best, with lunch-baskets, etc., prepared for a happy day. All sorts of vehicles carried whole families to parks and country haunts, and we saw one dray with at least fifty children in it. Their little faces, bright and open, looked like a bed of pansies. Mrs. Barnes and

I spent about two hours looking up hotels, and called on Mrs. Foster and arranged to go with her and her son to Crystal Palace in the evening. We wanted to see an English crowd, and we certainly did, for over sixty-one thousand people were there. The fireworks were very fine; fountains of all colors, showers of stars and all sorts of gorgeous effects made us exclaim with every breath, "How beautiful!" We got into the jam going up the stairs, but once in the concert room there was plenty of space for all, for the nave is one thousand, six hundred and eight feet long. The palace is built entirely of glass and iron, and cost a million and a half sterling. The effect from the outside when it is brilliantly lighted is like fairy-land. In the gardens, the most enchanting effect is secured by placing the statuary with the green foliage of the plants as a background. The purpose of the building seems to be to present, at a single glance, a magnificent and unique view of the art and culture of nations which are widely separated from each other in time and space.

On each side of the nave are courts containing copies of the architecture and sculpture of the most highly civilized nations, from the earliest period to the present day. One could fancy himself in another world and age as he rambles through those beautiful houses of departed races.

But the delusion was soon dispelled, for upon every turn, I am sorry to say, we ran against drunken men and women. It made my heart ache to see the great numbers of young women that were intoxicated. Then and there I consecrated myself anew to the tem-

perance cause. God grant I may help put a light in the window for every sister, tempted and tried! We saw hundreds of couples with their arms around each other's necks, singing and dancing. I shudder to think of what the end of this revel may be to many a poor girl, and yet thus is celebrated the birth of the Christian church.

We reached London about one o'clock and took a cab for home, where we arrived in safety, though it seemed very "spooky" driving down dark streets alone at that hour. What sights we saw! I blush to think of them.

May 27.—The event of the day to me was our call upon Mr. Stead. He received me as a sister beloved; is just what I expected him to be, warm and brotherly. Not handsome, rather gaunt, but so *good*-looking; about such a man as our beloved Abraham Lincoln. He won my heart at once, and I look forward to a visit in his home with great pleasure. After an early dinner we started for Bunhill Field Mission, visited the quaint old graveyard where Bunyan and Watts are buried, and read the funny inscriptions on the tombstones.

I did not know how dear our grand old Methodist church was, until I stood at the grave of its founder and thought of his wonderful career. What his faith cost him in a worldly sense, and how glorious is his heavenly reward! How it rejoiced my heart to see the mother honored equally with her sons!

In the old chapel where Wesley preached, I stood as the sun was setting. The last rays came through the beautiful stained glass windows, placed there by

Americans in memory of Bishop Simpson, who many times occupied this pulpit. It was hard to leave a place so full of blessed memories, but we did and went to the Mission of the Friends where a great work is being carried on in the very region once infested by the "forty thieves"; thirty-two public temperance meetings were held here last year.

May 28.—Have spent a quiet but pleasant day at home. In the morning I packed, and wrote letters, and in the afternoon rode with Mr. Smith in Hyde Park. A regular society kaleidoscope. After dinner we sat on the balcony and talked. Mr. Smith is a very fine conversationalist. He told me much of Dorothy Tennant who is to marry Stanley. She has the most popular *salon* in England; is an English Madame de Stael. Gladstone and all men admire her exceedingly. She has the rare gift of being a good listener, will sit at your feet and look into your face with a rapt expression, thus paying a most delicate compliment. Her pictures are on exhibition in some gallery. I must see them.

Mr. Smith showed me Lady Mount Temple's picture and told me much of her and her husband. Surely, the spirit which was in Christ was in them, for they did for the people, even when they knew they were being imposed upon.

May 29.—*En route* for York. The third-class carriages are very comfortable on this line on the through trains.

The brave city of York is one of the oldest and most important in England. It was the scene of great events during the struggles of the Britons,

Saxons and Danes, and its fabulous history dates back to the time that David reigned in Judea. In A. D. 521, King Arthur kept Christmas here (said to be the first celebration of that festival held in London). The first English Parliament met here in 1175.

The York Cathedral, the third largest in the world, was destroyed by fire in 1068, and has been rebuilt several times. The central wall of the first crypt still remains. In 1472 the church, as it now stands, was consecrated. The special features of the minster are the dignity and massive grandeur of the whole. The effect grows upon one the longer it is surveyed. Among the monuments, of which there are thousands, that of Dr. Duncombe, Dean of York, is most beautiful; the cherubs at the head and feet are wonderfully executed. The Chapter House, which stands unrivaled among English Chapter Houses, is certainly very fine—and to think that at one time it was used as a stable! The stained glass windows excel any others I have seen, especially that of the Five Sisters. The great east window pictures scenes beginning with the creation and ending with the death of Absalom. Below this first division, are scenes from Revelation, and portraits of kings and bishops.

We heard the organist practicing for a high festival, and never have I heard such music. It was as if a divine hand pressed the keys. The man we could not see, but the harmony thrilled all hearts. Thus it may be with us, if we are willing to be only instruments in God's hands.

We walked around the walls of the city and back to the hotel; visited a temperance friend in the house where Lindley Murray wrote his books From the dining-room you step into a most beautiful garden where the flowers were all in bloom.

I must not forget the museum, filled with all sorts of curios, and St. Mary's Abbey, a Benedictine monastery now in ruins and most interesting and beautiful.

We would gladly have lingered in this dear old city on the Ouse, but could not, and owing to the rain we did not visit Fountain Abbey. Some day I will spend an entire summer in England and see all its beauties.

Scotland.

May 30.

"Scotland! thy wild heaths
Famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn."

A DELIGHTFUL ride through a garden-land and we were in Edinburgh. Mrs. Foster had told us to go to Darling's Temperance Hotel and we did. A dear old lady came forward to greet us as we entered, and welcomed us as cordially as if we were expected guests. We engaged rooms, left our bags and went back to the station. As we were looking for a compartment, whom should I spy but the Coles party. Of course, there were lots of exclamations and explanations, and great delight when we found they were going to Melrose, too. In an hour we were at the quaint little Abbey hotel. In the hall was a regular museum and a live dove flew all about. A few minutes' walk and we were in the most charming country lane. There were the great oak trees with their overhanging branches and the barefooted children driving home the cows. I found myself repeating,

"They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,"

and wishing I could see my niece, Jessie, who speaks that so sweetly.

Melrose by moonlight! that is what we wanted to see, and we did, and by sunset also, and it was glorious. We went all through and around the old ruin. Melrose Abbey is in form like all ancient churches, symbolical of and representing the cross. Our attention was at once attracted to the exquisite beauty of the foliage tracery, grotesque corbels and other ornamental sculpture. This Abbey is unquestionably one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture of which this country can boast, and ranks among the most beautiful of all the ecclesiastical ruins which lie scattered throughout this reformed land.

I sat on the stone which was the favorite resting-place of Sir Walter Scott, touched the grave of the famous wizard, Michael Scott, and standing at the high altar read from one of the bard's poems. Here, also, is the heart of King Robert Bruce, brought back from Spain, after Douglas had made an unsuccessful attempt to carry it to the Holy Land.

I wandered for an hour in the burial ground where king and peasant, abbot and monk, priest and warrior, rich and poor, lie at rest, all hushed and silent. So will we all lie ere-long.

Before we knew it, the golden sunlight had faded and the moon was turning every leaf and buttress and sculptured face to silver. I could hardly tear myself away from this enchanted spot, and long after I went to bed I watched the shadows on the old ruin, until at last I fell asleep and dreamed of heavenly places.

May 31.—How little I thought when I used to read Lady of the Lake, Ivanhoe, and all of Scott's works, that one day I should visit his home and the places he so vividly describes! But here I am. Surely, the Lord is very good to me.

We left the hotel at ten o'clock, in an open carriage, and drove seven miles through the most beautiful country imaginable, to Abbotsford, a very fine estate and now owned by a granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. We saw her picture, and if she is really as sweet-looking as that, she is very beautiful. The entrance hall, armory, drawing-room, library and study are open to the public. There was Scott's chair just where he sat, and books were everywhere. A balcony ran all around the study, and from one corner he could escape to his chamber. The library was lined with the choicest volumes, and over the mantel was the famous picture of the master with his two dogs.

In the armory were all the trappings of war, artistically arranged by Scott himself. Rare swords, etc., filled glass cases; indeed, every room contained priceless gifts from distinguished people. No place has been more fascinating than this. Surely, "All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses," but Scott seemed to speak in every room. So perfect a house in all its appointments I never saw. As we reluctantly left it, I read on the side wall, "By night, by day, remember the goodness of the Lord, whose glorious name is spread through all the earth."

Another drive over the English roads, which are perfect, brought us to Dryburgh Abbey, which was

founded about the same time as Melrose, and, like that, was destroyed in 1322 by Edward II. St. Mary's aisle contains the tomb of Scott, who was buried here in 1832, also the graves of his wife and son.

The rose window, covered with vines, was like a picture, and the hawthorn trees looked just like snow-banks and perfumed the air for miles around. The weather was perfect and I was *so* happy. How I wish all my dear ones were here to enjoy it with me!

We took the four o'clock train back to Edinburgh and after supper mounted a 'bus and rode around the city, then out to the Exposition, which for an international affair I consider very slim. Wait until Chicago shows the world its Fair.

June 1.—Sunday is truly a day of rest in this beautiful city, of which Sir David Wilkie said: "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city." It is most beautifully and romantically situated within a fine group of hills and on the Firth of Forth, and the views from the castle-crowned rock and Calton Hill with its classic monuments, are superb.

This morning we attended service in St. Giles Cathedral, where the Solemn League and Covenant were sworn in 1643. The Lord High Commissioner with his court was there, as were the judges in their wigs and gowns. The idea of dignified men wearing wigs! What fools custom and style will make of us!

The sermon was on "Love." Hardly what I expected from an old Scotch Presbyterian, but most blessed. After dinner we took a walk past Burns' Monument and up on Calton Hill, which is like classic

Athens for monuments. Nelson's, one hundred and two feet high, is most imposing, and all about it are guns—trophies of the Crimean War. "Scotland's disgrace," the National Monument is called, for it was begun and never finished. It was to have been in imitation of the Parthenon, but only twelve columns have been erected.

At nine o'clock we were summoned to prayers in the drawing-room. Think of it—a hotel with family prayers!

June 2.—We started out early to "do" the city. Took a good look at Scott's Monument, the finest I have yet seen. He is represented seated, with his dogs by his side.

Next, we went to the Castle on the cliff, gloriously hung round with national histories along all its battlements. All the history of Edinburgh is more or less intimately connected with the Castle. A fort is supposed to have crowned this dark, massive ridge even in days anterior to the Christian era. It was destroyed several times and rebuilt. Here James II. spent his minority and here he was crowned. James III. and IV. also made it their residence. In 1561 the city witnessed the superb pageant of Queen Mary's entry. Here, in a little room with one window, James VI. was born, and lowered from the window to be baptized. We were just in time to see the troops drill, and very picturesque they looked in their kilts and plaids. We crossed the old draw, and with a very red-nosed guide made the rounds. The crown room contains the Scottish regalia, consisting of a remarkably elegant crown of pure gold,

dating from the time of Bruce, and other insignia of royalty.

St. Margaret's Chapel, the private oratory of Margaret Canmore (1093), was very interesting, also the batteries and the great guns, especially Mons Meg, forged in 1486.

We visited the Parliament House and the old Hall, the walls of which are lined with portraits of great men. Barristers in powdered wigs were walking up and down, arm in arm with clients. On the ceiling were the crests of the Scotch nobility. Having obtained a permit to visit Holyrood Palace, which is closed to all but Americans and Australians when the Lord High Commissioner is here, we went on our way, stopping to see the house where John Knox lived, a rambling, shambling old place, very quaint, and overflowing with history.

In front of the famous Holyrood Palace and Abbey is a richly ornamented fountain. Two things have impressed me all over Great Britain—the temperance coffee-houses and hotels, and the number of fountains. I am going to begin a crusade along this line when I return home.

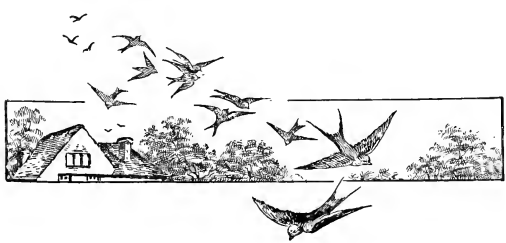
In the history of the palace the principal events are those connected with Mary, Queen of Scots. Her apartments on the second floor contain her bed with its embroidered cover worked with her own hands, and a work-box which the guide opened and showed us. We looked up the narrow staircase down which the murderers of Rizzio came, and some dark spots on the floor are said to be his blood. The gallery is filled with poor pictures that claim to represent the

Scottish kings. The palace is only occupied ten days in the year by the Lord High Commissioner, Lord Tweeddale. We saw the table set for state dinner and the little pages in knee-breeches and powdered wigs.

Holyrood Abbey was founded by David I. in 1128. In it are buried, among others, David II., James II. and Queen, James V. and Queen, and Lord Darnley.

Returning home we took the train for Glasgow, stayed over night in the St. Denis Hotel, which is very fine. Such a funny, little priest-looking man answered all our inquiries. The large hotels are perfect as to appointments. All have such nice gardens, and flowers are everywhere.

June 3.—The weather looked very threatening, but we were up bright and early, and off for the Lakes.



Germany and Austria.

July, 1890.

THIS morning the "Ems" reached Bremen House. A tender came down the river to meet us, and after the usual custom-house fraud had been enacted we took the train for Bremen, a two hours' ride. Arrived in the fine station we had lunch in the waiting-room where sat men and women all drinking beer. How awful it seemed to me, with my enlightenment on the subject, no one will ever know! At one o'clock we took the train for Berlin (seven hours). The country through which we passed was not especially interesting; very like our prairies, with now and then a beautiful field of poppies. The forests, too, were dark and carefully kept, but I longed to plunge into the heart of the Black Forest. Everything is clean, of course. Stolid and solid are *the* German characteristics. The houses did not look as odd as I expected, but the roofs of red tiles or thatched and covered with moss, were in keeping with my German traditions.

How glad I was to see Mrs. Mary B. Willard at the station! We took carriages and were soon at her home. The street is very quiet and pretty and the entrance hall imposing; all marble and paint-

ings. Mrs. Willard has the third floor, and everything is homelike and artistic. After a nice supper we went to bed very tired. A letter from dear Helen awaited my coming. I thank God hourly that all are well at home.

P. S.—I should have said *droschke* for carriage, and *étage* for floor.

July 2.—I did not awaken until ten o'clock. Enjoyed the German breakfast very much and was ready to start to Potsdam thereafter. It is a city of 48,500 inhabitants and the capital of Brandenburg. The town is of Slavonic origin but was of no importance until the Grand Elector founded his palace there. It is indebted for its modern splendor to Frederick the Great, who generally resided there. After a nice dinner served on a balcony overlooking the river Werder, where the white swans were sailing up and down, we went to the palace ; in front of it, is a lime tree where petitioners used to station themselves to attract the attention of Frederick the Great who could watch unobserved from his office, the walls of which are covered with mirrors. The table in this room is very curious ; the center can be let down by means of a trap-door, and the different courses served without servants. Here it was the old Emperor could see his friends in private. I am glad *I* am not so watched.

The rooms are very handsome ; silver and gold everywhere. The walls are covered with exquisite gold cloth, and silver and gold figures and vines adorn ceilings and walls.

A beautiful picture of "Christ weeping over Jerusalem" attracted me and I longed to sit before it for hours. He weeps over us to-day, just the same, I doubt not.

Next, we visited the Friedenskirche, or "Church of Peace." There is also a palace connected with it, with beautiful gardens. We walked around the palisades from which are the most charming views. The mausoleum of the late Emperor, who reigned but three months, erected by the Empress Victoria, is being built, and just in front of it stands a copy of Thorwaldsen's "Risen Christ," which almost made me kneel before it. The original is at Copenhagen but it can not be more wonderful than this. Christ stands with His hands outstretched as in blessing, and the expression is divine.

In this church are buried Frederick William IV. and his queen, Elizabeth. The drive to the palace of "Sans-Souci," was very beautiful and interesting. We saw the old mill which Frederick wanted to buy and the miller refused to sell. The king demanded it, but the miller refused his request, and finally the matter went to court and was decided against Frederick, who was great enough to recognize justice and submit to it. He became a warm friend of the miller and did much for him.

The "Sans-Souci" (without care—place of rest and pleasure) is not very pretentious but was a favorite residence of the old monarch. Here Voltaire visited him, and, after their falling out, Frederick had one room decorated with monkeys, parrots, peacocks, and everything which represents folly

Isabel Somerset

and vanity, in derision of the writer. Many of the personal belongings of the Emperor are just as he left them. In his bedroom is the clock he used to wind, and which stopped at his death. His portrait, for which he sat but one hour, and that the only time he ever sat for his picture, hangs in this same room.

After the Seven Years' War the people all said Frederick the Great had made himself poor, and to prove he had not exhausted his finances he built the new palace which is the summer home of the present Emperor. This, and all the Potsdam palaces, far exceed the English in beauty and elegance. The "Grotto Saloon" is the most beautiful room I ever saw ; shells, priceless stones of all kinds and from all over the world, cover the room and are in all shapes and designs. By gaslight the scene must be bewitching. Every room was even more grand than I had expected a royal home to be. The floors are handsomely inlaid, the ceilings painted by great masters and their choicest works hang upon the walls.

Our last visit was to the Garrison Church, where lie the remains of Frederick the Great and of his father, Frederick William I. On their caskets were huge wreaths of myrtle. When Napoleon, after his victories in Prussia, stood before the tomb of the great Emperor, he said, "Were *you* alive *I* should not be *here*."

The flags carried in battle adorn the church, and everything breathes of war. Soldiers are everywhere, and the *people* pay for all this beauty and pomp and display. Would that it were more evenly distributed ! Instead of the rulers having a score of homes they

seldom occupy, I would have the peasants own their homes, for they would enjoy and appreciate them.

July 3.—"God bless the man who first invented sleep," I say every morning, for no matter how tired I am when I go to bed, I awaken fresh, and ready for another day of beauty and delight.

This morning we visited the museum and gallery, an admirable building in the Greek style, the finest in Berlin. In the upper vestibule is a copy of the celebrated Warwick Vase. A beautiful bronze of a boy praying caught my eye, as all such subjects do. I was glad to find the tapestry after the famous ones in the Vatican by Raphael.

The importance of this gallery consists in its representation of the various schools and epochs, rather than in its possession of masterpieces, and consequently it is of great value to art students. Among the paintings I liked best were Jairus' Daughter, by Richter; The March of Death, by Spangenburg; Pursuit of Pleasure, Henneberg; Jupiter and Io, Correggio; Isaac blessing Jacob; Titian's Daughter; St. Anthony and Infant Christ, by Murillo; and Kaulbach's six great paintings, including the Reformation.

Every room and the fine halls with dados of figures representing German history, were worthy of study. Every great man who belongs to the *Fadcrland* has a place. I longed to sit down and study every group.

After lunch, in a bower of green, we went through "Unter den Linden" and into shops. I shall never forget that beautiful street as I saw it to-day. The houses were all decorated with flags and flowers and

bunting. How good the stars and stripes looked! I almost shouted for joy when I saw them and realized what it means to be an American. A drive in a *droschke* completed our delightful day. We passed down the Linden and over the beautiful bridge which spans the Spree; eight handsome statues adorn the bridge, illustrative of the life of a warrior.

The palace of the Empress Frederick is large and handsome but she does not occupy it often, not being fond of Berlin. I looked long at the plain window where the old Emperor used to stand every noon when the guards were changed and acknowledge the enthusiastic cheers of his people, who worshiped him.

The great statue of Frederick the Great, by Rauch, is truly the grandest monument of its kind in Europe. The foundation stone was laid May 31, 1840, the one hundredth anniversary of the accession of Frederick to the throne of Prussia. The Opera House is also on this fine street. We passed through the Brandenburg Gate into the Thiergarten. I did want to drive through the center passage; the way Europeans have of reserving the best of everything for royalty rather goes "agin" me. Over the gate are four magnificent bronze horses and a chariot; a woman is driving. This is a favorite ornament of the Germans, and Napoleon was compelled to return the horse he "borrowed" during his little visit in 1805.

The Thiergarten covers six hundred acres and is a charming bit of nature in the heart of the capital city. I have never so nearly realized my ideal of a park, for it combines the character of a natural forest with the beauties of a public park. The river

winds in and out, and the great trees are close together, forming a dense shade. The Monument of Victory towers over all. It commemorates the great victories of 1870–71. From the top, a gold female figure seems about to fly away, and in her hand is the laurel wreath, ever present in this land of soldiers.

Home for a nice supper, and then I went with dear Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt to a meeting conducted by Baron Knoblsdorf, who is at the head of temperance work in Berlin. I looked at the faces of those people and noted how care-worn they were. They have not the independent air and generally happy look of our working people. Are they just as content, I wonder?

Mrs. Leavitt spoke well, and a good minister interpreted for her. He was the one hundred and ninety-eighth person who had translated her holy message, and thirty-eight different tongues have heard the story. What a heroine she is! Why is not a monument erected to her, because instead of killing thousands she is saving thousands of souls? It was very interesting to see the reverence shown her. The Baron kissed her hand and the entire audience attended us to the carriage.

July 4.—Independence Day, and I am far, far from my own, my native land! I met some Germans with flags in their pockets and I wanted to embrace them on the spot. Instead of firing crackers, etc., we visited the palace of the Emperor of Germany. It is the finest I have seen, so far. At the portal toward the Lustgarten are the Horse Tamers, by Baron

Clodl, of St. Petersburg. The first court is adorned with the bronze St. George and the Dragon. The palace contains six hundred rooms and is old and not very attractive-looking on the outside. The decorations of the rooms are most elaborate. The walls are old gold and silver brocade and pictures; statues are in every nook and corner. The long picture gallery contains portraits and scenes from Prussian history. The old Emperor's picture is everywhere. The white *salon*, all in white marble, is most beautiful, and the chapel in the midst of so much splendor, very restful. I sat in one of the chairs designed for the royal family, and thanked God I belonged to the people. This palace and the one at Baireuth are haunted by a "white lady" who always appears to portend the death of a member of the house of Hohenzollern.

I wish the Emperor and Empress and their fine boys were at home; I should like to see them. Their pictures are everywhere and very "cute" little lads the boys seem to be.

We ascended to the state apartments by an inclined plane, and here donned felt slippers. It was very funny to see men, women and children sliding around. A very economical way of polishing the floors.

Our next pilgrimage was to Charlottenburg. The palace was the home of the good Queen Louise, and it was here in 1805 she knelt before Napoleon and begged him to be kind to her people and command his soldiers not to ravish the city. He replied very roughly and she was so wounded that never after

could she live in the palace where the scene was enacted. I have always had a great admiration for Napoleon, but it is growing less and less as I hear of his unkind treatment of those about him.

Up a beautiful avenue of pines we walked until we reached the mausoleum. The situation in the heart of a grand forest and garden, away from the rush of the city, is most pleasing. The glass in the windows is so arranged as to throw a purple light on the most exquisite marbles imaginable, the images of the royal pair, Frederick William III. and his wife, Queen Louise. The figures are recumbent and were executed by Rauch. Nothing could be more perfect; the hands seemed almost to move. I felt inspired and that I was on holy ground. Queen Louise, because of her goodness, was truly noble. The heart of Frederick William IV. is placed at the feet of his parents, in a marble casket.

After dinner we took the five o'clock train for Dresden. Before we left the table Mrs. Leavitt led us in singing "My country, 'tis of thee," and gave us a regular Fourth-of-July oration.

July 5.—We arrived in Dresden at ten o'clock last eve, and came directly to Weber's Hotel, a very homelike place. Early this morning we went to the Gallery and straight to the Sistine Madonna. How I have longed to see the Divine Mother and Child! I could hardly realize I was really there when I stood before it. No language can express how it thrilled and filled me, and satisfied me. It leaves nothing to be desired. As I sat and gazed, this came to me as the artist's idea: The green curtains, representing

the "something" which shuts from us the heavenly world, are withdrawn, and with majestic grace Mary comes forth bearing in her arms the Divine Child, which she clasps with real, motherly devotion. There is something indescribable in her countenance — a far-away look in the eyes as if she saw what was coming to her darling Babe, but for the sake of the salvation of the world she was willing to give Him up. The Child rests naturally in its mother's arms, His lofty mission is foreshadowed in His childish features, while the depth and majesty of His eyes express His divinity as the Redeemer of the world.

Lübke describes the picture thus: "Here Raphael has united his deepest thought, his profoundest insight, his completest loveliness, which is, and will continue to be, the apex of all religious art."

I almost forgot to notice the dignity of Pope Sixtus, the devotion of Saint Barbara, or the rapt expression of the two beautiful angel children, in my adoration of the supreme figures. A whole religion is bound up in those faces. I could hardly tear myself away, and yet every one of the two thousand four hundred paintings is a painter's treasure. Among my favorites are: —

Abraham about to Offer up Isaac, by Andrea del Sarto.
The Madonna of St. Francis, Correggio.
The Holy Night, Correggio.
The Repentant Magdalene, Correggio.
Titian's Daughter Lavinia.
Tribute Money, Titian.
The Woman Taken in Adultery, Lotto.
Head of Christ with Crown of Thorns, Guido Reni.

The Expulsion of Hagar by Abraham, Luca Giordano.
St. Cecilia, Carlo Dolci.
St. Anthony Caressing the Infant Christ, Danedi.
Mary Magdalen in Her Cell, Waited upon by Angels.
Two Sons of Rubens.
Children of Charles I., by Van Dyck.

I must not forget to record the history of Raphael's inspiration. It is said he was fascinated with a beautiful and pure girl, Fornarina, who also loved him, and her face is the original of the Madonna. A princess fell in love with him and wanted to win him. He was told Fornarina was dead, at which he became so nearly insane that in order to save his life she was restored to him. The Sistine Madonna was painted about 1518, for the monastery of San Sisto Piacenza, Italy, and was purchased by King Augustus III. for $45,000. It therefore belongs to the Kingdom of Saxony, of which Dresden is the capital. The king lives in the palace next the church, goes out walking on the street and is very common and friendly, I am told. The city lies on both sides the Elbe and is a favorite residence for Americans. Its architecture and its art collections have given it the name of the "German Florence." In the winter the opera is the finest in the world, and the Hof Theater one of the finest in Europe.

We saw many students and soldiers with scarred faces. How proud they are of the saber cuts obtained in dueling! They care more for that mark of distinction than for the nobler one—a spotless character.

July 6.—Sunday—a day of rest it has been, indeed. In the morning we attended the Court church. The

music was most beautiful and the altar very fine; nine elegant silver candlesticks were on each side the central throne, which was also of silver. I took another glance at my beloved pictures, then came home to dinner and my writing.

A most beautiful walk on the Bruhl Terrace was a fitting finish of a delightful day. Coming around the Gallery we saw before us a broad flight of steps adorned with four gilded groups representing Night, Morning, Noon and Evening. The walk along the river for half a mile is lined with trees trimmed flat like the roof of a house. The sunset was glorious, and as the last rays touched the gallery and gilded the dome of the church, I felt nothing could be more enchanting, even in Italy. We looked into the beer gardens, a feature of Germany. A band was playing and whole families were sitting under the trees, drinking and eating the beer and *brodschen*. Such common, care-worn people are the workers. To see the women with huge baskets on their backs and the men without any burdens makes my blood boil. The women and dogs are the horses in this country. We saw hundreds of families land from the pleasure boats; they had been spending the day in the Saxon Alps.

I love to study the different faces. While sitting before the Sistine Madonna I noted its effect upon the different types that came to see it. There was the business man who squinted his eyes and wondered how much it would be worth; the artist who caught the inspiration and went home to dream of winning fame and a name by a masterpiece equally great; the

tired working-woman, whose life knows no beauty, gazed awe-struck, while her young daughter was thrilled and her soul inspired by the divine painting. The soldier in his trappings of war came also, and his turbulent spirit for the moment was stilled. The skeptic forgot to sneer and the trifler to laugh. Oh, Christ, it is Thy spirit in art that makes it divine!

Hoffman's Christ in the Temple seems to me to be as marvelous as Raphael's great work. The figure of the boy Christ radiates light, his white robe shines. Every figure is perfect and the velvet of the priests' robes almost makes you believe in the old legend of the birds eating the painter's cherries. The Woman Taken in Adultery is also a wonderful work. Hoffman is yet a teacher in the Dresden Art School. How he must enjoy the just appreciation his work receives!

Dresden is a beautiful city and I shall never forget my stay here. The Alt Mart is most interesting. Hundreds of women were there with their flower-stands, offering choice plants arranged in every kind of a design.

July 7.—A ride this morning about this lovely city, which in some ways grows upon one and in others disappoints, and we were off for Vienna. Before starting, I sat among the poor women who were waiting in the station and tried to put myself in their places. I bent my back to the heavy burdens and in imagination shared their weary lives until my heart was almost broken, and I cried as I have not for months. I do not wonder Christ died to save and elevate them. I should count it a joy to lay down

my life if thereby theirs could be brightened. Miss Morgan comforted me by saying that, after all, joy and sorrow are very evenly distributed, and I believe they are. What responsibilities are mine; no German washwoman, if she could, would exchange places with me, I am sure.

Our route to Vienna lay along the Elbe for many miles, and we were in a constant state of exclamation, so rare and picturesque was the scenery. The rocks towered high above the bank and resembled the Palisades on the Hudson. The bright, yellow stone would be covered with tall pine trees on the top, and now and then a village nestled at the foot of a mountain covered with dark green fir trees, making the most effective background imaginable for the red-tiled houses with their eight-eyed roofs. At Tetschen we crossed the German border. The Alps, I fancy, are not much finer than the mountains of Austria, which we saw outlined against a wonderful sunset-painted sky, adorned with castles, from the towers of which floated the national colors.

At the queer little stations I watched the people. A bride, with only a wreath of flowers on her head, came a few miles to visit her friends and was welcomed by kindly men and women, barefooted and bareheaded. Love and its fulfillment are the same the world around.

What historic ground we passed over! Every foot of ground, could it speak, would tell of battles fought, of the farewell words of dying heroes whispered only in the ear of Mother Earth; of shouts of victory and cursings of defeat. I doubt not every

acre is the grave of scores of brave men and true, who offered up their lives, not for freedom, but to gratify the ambition or greed of some ruler.

How beautiful and smiling was the landscape as I viewed it! Yellow wheat, thick with the bright, red poppies and the blue corn-flower—a vast garden as far as the eye could reach.

A rather comfortable night in our compartment and at 7:30 we saw Vienna, situated on the blue Danube and said to be the most beautiful city in Europe; and such we believe it to be. The capital of the Austrian Empire lies in a valley surrounded by hills, and its buildings are magnificent. Such a thing as a tumble-down house or dirty street is unknown; all are of white stone or stucco, which has the same appearance, and decorated with most beautiful statues and carvings. Often a palisade or court extends around a building, and inside the court are flowers, fountains and handsome statues. Indeed, these adornments are everywhere and parks without number form a green background to the white buildings. The people look comfortable and happy; not so common as in Germany. The women all have fine forms and dress well; they are very fine-looking, as a rule. The shops are the most elegant in Europe, or the world, I have been told, and can readily believe it. The goods are most artistically displayed.

Our pension, 6 Universitate Strasse, is kept by Frau Bonforth and her sister, ladies of culture. It is easy to fancy they have known better days; their bearing and conversation would do credit to a court

circle. They speak German, English and French fluently. Opposite us at table are a Greek count and his wife. I can only think of Othello when I look at him. The countess has the large, liquid eyes of which poets sing. It is very interesting to meet these different nationalities. I am sure we have much to learn from other countries, as Minister Phelps said in his Fourth of July speech, which I cut from the Berlin *Register*.

After breakfast, which all over the Continent consists of coffee and rolls, we went to the Imperial Palace, the Hofburg, the residence of Francis Joseph, and into the Treasury. I could but note the fact that not until the glorious reign of Maria Theresa, 1747, were the royal treasures arranged and classified. It took a woman to think of preserving them thus.

I could hardly believe I was walking over the same stones a long line of noble men and women have trod, for the Hofburg was built in the thirteenth century. We speak of hundreds of years as if they were but days. I can believe, as never before, now that I have seen the progress of the world, that at last (adapting the poet's words),

> "In the paths untrod,
> And the long days of God,
> The world shall yet be led,
> Its heart be comforted."

In the first room, as we entered, we saw watches of all kinds and description; many were made in the seventeenth century; also clocks, large and small, gold, silver and jeweled; many are worth a king's

ransom. The different rooms contain cases filled with vases, tankards, bottles, dishes of all kinds, busts, inkstands, and hundreds of rare and costly things it would fill a volume to name ; many are presents from other monarchs to the ruler of the House of Hapsburg, which has reigned over Austria since 1276. I will not try to describe this collection, which to my mind is far ahead of the English crown jewels.

After dinner we went to ride and were more than ever impressed with the magnificence of this city. The streets were as white as a marble table, and nowhere is there any sign of poverty or dirt. Looking through doorways we caught glimpses of beautiful courts and quaint corners, like those in Dresden, only not vine covered as there. The Ringstrasse is a fine boulevard occupying the site of the old fortification wall, and around it are the public buildings, university, etc.

We were in St. Stephen's church at noon and saw all the poor and rich at prayers. The church is one of the noblest Gothic edifices in Europe ; the roof is of colored tiles and with the sun shining on it looked as if set with jewels.

It was pitiful to watch the poor people before the picture of Mary and the Child. They brought flowers and their mites, and one poor soul brought a new candle to place among the fifteen kept burning. After kneeling on the stone floor they would kiss the grating which covers the picture and go away comforted. We saw hunters from the mountains and all classes meet before that shrine on an equal plane.

In the Volksgarten we found the Temple of Theseus, containing Canova's marble group of Theseus slaying Minotaur, typical of barbarism and civilization. The figures are wonderfully executed. The muscles are as if of iron. In the Augustine church is Canova's monument to the Archduchess Maria Christina, one of his noblest works.

July 9.—We spent the morning in the art gallery. It is beautifully situated and the views from the window are very fine, but the pictures did not come up to my expectations. There are no great masterpieces and only a few paintings attracted me. Varottaire's Woman taken in Adultery can be compared with Hoffman's. There are the same rich coloring and expressive faces. Titian's Holy Family is fine, also Raphael's Madonna; Murillo's St. John with the Lamb is the most like a nineteenth century youngster that I have seen, soft curls and a real child expression.

The new Rathhaus, or Parliament building, was completed in 1883, and cost £750,000. There is no such handsome government building elsewhere in the world. It is lavishly adorned with life-sized statues, figures being placed at regular intervals on the top, European fashion. The Votive church is a fine Gothic structure with two slender, open towers. The stone is said to be all petrified moss.

Among the unique things I saw in this fascinating city was a street sprinkler, which consists of a huge barrel on a wagon with a tiny sprinkler behind, which is swung back and forth by a man walking and hav-

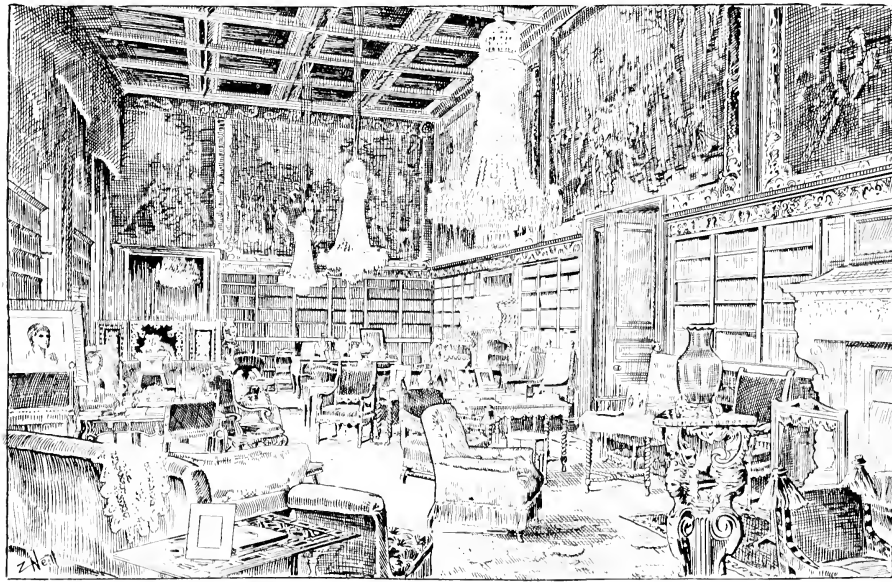
ing hold of a rope fastened to it. Oh, for Yankee inventiveness, ye Viennese!

The Capuchin church contains the burial-vault of the imperial family. We rang the bell and an old monk came to the door dressed in a long, brown gown with a rope about his waist. I wondered if he and the others we saw really beat themselves and wear sackcloth. A monk escorted us into the tombs. How musty and ghostlike they seemed! I felt almost as if I was entering my own grave, instead of that of the royal house of Hapsburg. The bodies are all in huge silver caskets, elaborately decorated.

We spent the afternoon in the shops, which are very fine, as I have before remarked. I was not compelled to inflict my poor German on any one, for in every large shop English is spoken. We need not learn other languages, the English tongue has become universal.

July 10.—We were up bright and early to take the 7:30 train for Munich. Another beautiful day; most welcome is the sunshine after so much rain. I would give a great deal to have a picture of our party surrounded by its baggage. We are a gay crowd, and so the foreigners must think by the way they stare at us. We found a nice coupé and all stood in the door and shouted "*Nein*" to every person who even dared look in. None were brave enough to claim the one vacant seat until we stopped at the first station, and a gentleman came in.

Many were the expressions of disgust from "the girls." When the guard came, Miss Morgan asked him if we were on a through train, and did not under-



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stand his reply; to our horror, our unwelcome companion repeated it in the best of English. We all subsided, but upon discovering he was somewhat deaf, we ventured to ply him with questions and found him a rich mine. He served with Maximilian in Mexico twenty-eight years ago. He proudly told of being shot in both legs, and that the noise of the battle was so great as to cause deafness. His wife studies Latin and Greek with her sons, and his four-year-old daughter drinks a liter of wine a day. The latter accomplishment he mentioned as if he were very proud of it. He laughed when I inquired about the politics of the country, and said, "You American women are interested in everything," but he told me what I wanted to know. There is a House of Commons, elected by the people, and a House of Lords. The Emperor can veto a bill but twice, and it can then be passed over his head. The Emperor, who is sixty-two years old, is greatly beloved. He is a hard worker, rising at three every morning. His salary is five million dollars a year; as much as the rulers of Russia, Prussia and Italy together; besides, he has vast estates. Taxes are enormous. If a man builds a house to rent, he pays a small tax for the first twelve years; after that, fifty per cent of the income from the property must go to the government. The national debt is in the billions. I wonder the people are so happy with such burdens, but externally all is prosperous.

The tragic death of Prince Leopold is considered a great catastrophe, as he was a "good (?) man." I wondered what his standard of goodness was, for had the Prince been true to his wife he would not have

been killed by the brother of his mistress. The Emperor was warned of his son's death an hour before it occurred and could have saved him, but told the messenger he would "not interfere between those two." He loves his daughter-in-law, who has returned to Bulgaria. The Empress is not respected at home; she seldom lives in Austria, and cares only for horses, hunting and races. She spends twelve hours a day in the stables and scarcely two weeks in a place. Both daughters have married small princes in Bavaria, much to the disgust of the Austrians, I should think, by the expressive shrug of the shoulders.

The heir to the throne is very unpopular. As an example of his character, Mr. P. told us he was hunting one day with gentlemen of his court, and while passing through a village met a peasant funeral procession. He commanded the mourners to set the casket down and he amused himself by making his horse jump over it. The story has been printed all over Austria and the people are enraged about it.

All our route was through a grand and beautiful country. The Austrian Alps, rugged and snow-capped, rose high and lofty against the perfect sky of blue. We passed through quaint old towns, and on lofty summits and by charming lakes were the chateaux of the nobility. The forests were dense, the tops of the trees forming a solid roof; deer and other animals abound and are hunted and killed on this, their native heath.

The blue Danube came to view after we had looked and longed for it all the morning. At Ems

the fortifications were constructed with the ransom paid by England for Richard Cœur de Lion. At Linz our new friend bade us good-bye, after doing all he could for our comfort. At Melk we saw the celebrated Benedictine Abbey, founded in 1089. It stands on a high rock and is most picturesque in location and outline. All the day I kept thinking of "On the Heights" and fancied Wama lived on some such mountain side and there wrote her wonderful journal.

The wine country was near us. We were told that no such wine year as this promised to be, had been known for fifty years. I sighed, for cheap wine means heartache and poverty. We saw women in all the wheat-fields and wherever there was labor needed. At Simbach we crossed the Austrian border, leaving behind us a most beautiful land, handsome people and magnificent buildings.

The scenery through the Tyrol was grand beyond telling, and when we reached Munich, at half-past six, I was not in the least tired, so happy had been my day. We came to the Hotel Bellevue, very good and old-looking. Outside, it is covered with paintings on a gold background, and is all a romantic imagination could desire, but after Vienna it seems rather common. Munich is a larger city than I expected; it has 275,000 inhabitants, is situated on the Isar, and being the capital of Bavaria, has all the charm of court life.

July 11.—The old Pinakothek (Repository of Pictures) claimed our attention first. The gallery contains fourteen hundred pictures. I liked best

those by Murillo, especially his celebrated Beggar Boys. Nothing could be more natural than those urchins. How many like them I have seen on Clark street, Chicago! Dürer's Four Apostles was wonderful, especially St. Paul's famous white robe, which is unrivaled in its plastic modeling. Rubens has eighty-nine pictures in this gallery, most varied in range; among them are the Last Judgment, Lion Hunt, Children with Garlands and bacchanalian scenes. The views from the windows of this beautiful gallery were enchanting—gardens, statues and lakes, as far as the eye could see.

The Alte Residenz, or royal palace, was shown us in the afternoon, by a very pleasant old gentleman. On the outside, it was very old and unattractive, but within, it impressed us as more homelike and beautiful than any other we have seen, though not so grand as the German palace. It is the home of the Regent, the poor king of Bavaria being mad, like his brother Leopold, whose rule almost bankrupted the kingdom. We passed his home and the lake in which he was drowned. The bedchamber contains the most magnificent bed. All the covers and hangings are gold-embroidered. Leaves and flowers stand out four inches. It took forty persons ten years to do the work, and cost $400,000. Napoleon was the last man who slept in it. One of the girls said she would like to lie in such a bed, but the guide answered her wisely, "You rest better in one more simple."

The walls of this and other rooms in the same suite were covered with gold, and pictures in porce-

lain, vases, clocks and the choicest bric-a-brac adorned the sides, up to the ceiling. We passed through the magnificent ball-room into two card-rooms, with thirty-six portraits of beautiful women, by Stuler. I was glad to find all classes. The most beautiful face was that of a butcher's daughter.

Next came the Battle Saloon, with twelve large pictures representing the scenes from the wars in 1805–15, the Hall of Charlemagne, Barbarossa Hall, Hapsburg Saloon, and the Throne Saloon, containing twelve magnificent gilded bronze statues, over life-size, of the ancestors of the House of Wittelsbach. I ascended the steps to the throne and almost sat in the royal chair. The rooms formed a most imposing suite and I could imagine what the scene must be when the court was present. Across a court where a fountain was playing we passed to the Königsbau where are the magnificent Nibelungen frescoes by Schnorr, begun in 1846. They represent all the scenes and personages in that, the earliest German poem. Siegfried and Kriemhilt are the chief characters and all are wonderfully well executed.

A short ride through this interesting city, *table d'hôte* dinner and to bed, chronicles the rest of the day.

July 12.—At ten o'clock we were off to Ober-Ammergau. We reached Ammergau at two, where we found a 'bus waiting to take us across the mountain. It was a charming ride up, up, ever upward, to the heights, and most appropriate it seemed that we should ascend nearer and nearer heaven while on this sacred pilgrimage. Every step

of the way is rich in legendary lore stored among the peasant population. I longed to pause at Ettal and join the foot passengers in their worship.

The first object I saw in Ober-Ammergau was the tall and curiously formed peak of the Kofel, crowned with a large cross. It is the presiding genius of the place and is as dear to the peasants as their own lives.

We were at the village inn; all was clean and restful; outside, the rain came down in torrents and a line of carriages passed our window continually, also the poor on foot seeking a place to spend the night. Six thousand visitors from the ends of the earth gathered in that mountain-girt village to witness the play. What a tribute to the power of Christ! It seemed like a fulfillment of His words, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

July 13.—To-day is an epoch in my life. Never have I been so thrilled and filled with a realization of what Christ suffered for the world, and for me, for *me*, O God, for ME! The beauty of that scene! The stage is open, and beyond were the everlasting hills, and the blue-gray sky; birds flew over our heads and joined the chorus. The scenery was perfect, the costumes were most picturesque and harmonious. Nothing jarred; all was uplifting. I felt exalted above the world, and, carried back eighteen hundred years. With my dear Saviour I walked from the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, on, on, to His betrayal and crucifixion. The characters were all well taken; Joseph Maier seemed a very Christ, so gentle

and dignified was his bearing, so sweet his expression. At the Last Supper I thought my heart would break, and so it was all the way through. I do not understand how one *could* sit through that divine representation without surrendering his heart to Christ, if he had not already done so. I can never feel that I have done one-half what I should in return for the love displayed toward me. Let me, my God, drink deeper and deeper of Thy love! Help me to love humanity as Thou didst and be ready to die like my Lord, if thereby my brothers and sisters may be helped.

July 14.—Left Munich with regret for Venice, expecting to reach Verona at eleven p. m. We passed through a rare country. The border scenery is among the finest in the Alps between Italy and Germany. The river Inn rushes in a mighty flood. The people are prosperous, the mountains romantic, the valleys fresh and green. No wonder that all the poets who have hymned the land of Tyrol have chosen for their favorite theme this little plot of earth. All the splendors and all the joyous life of the German Alps are found once again, compressed into the narrow space from Kufstein to Innspruck. The railroad has been cut right out of the mountains. We passed waterfalls in surroundings full of beauty—huge rocks of bold and fantastic outline, piled high in so narrow a space that the uppermost arms interlock — and thundered through long tunnels that seemed to pierce the bowels of the earth.

We caught many a glimpse of scenery that has often been transferred to canvas.

Innspruck, taking into consideration the surrounding scenery and the situation, is without doubt the loveliest town of the Austrian Alps. I did long to stop and visit the church of the Holy Cross, which contains the tomb of Maximilian I., a unique work of art.

All the morning we passed snow-clad mountains and longed to touch them, and an unexpected opportunity presented itself at Gries, where we were informed a snowstorm had raged on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and the snow was three feet deep. Bridges and tracks had been swept away by mountain torrents and landslides, and we did not know what might be our fate. We gathered the white snow and talked, as we ate it, of the home folks who doubtless were panting with the thermometer 90° in the shade. After an hour's wait we started and the train fairly crept over the Brenner Pass, where a new track had been constructed. Here we were more than four thousand feet above the sea and beheld the acme of human science and skill in overcoming obstacles.

On we went, the entire landscape covered with snow, until we reached Brien, where begin the charms of the south Tyrol, and nature assumes an ever gaudier dress.

Just before we reached Botzen we had to alight from the train, and by the light of flaming torches cross a plank bridge over the raging Eisack, which was swollen until it seemed like a thundering Niagara that would sweep us all into its whirling, foaming depth. The scene was most weird. Motionless stood the willows on the brink of the fiery stream

and black as lava fell the shadows of the crags, while like motionless fireflies shone the lights behind the window-panes of the lofty mountain châlets.

At Botzen we were told we could go no farther, owing to several bad breaks in the road—which might be repaired in eight days! The consternation this announcement caused seemed to amuse our conductor, and he repeated that we might have to walk, making the funniest motions with his fingers, not knowing the English for "walk."

We spent the night at the Kaiser Crown, perplexed as to what we should do on the morrow. "Ever-receding Italy," I began to sing, and wondered when my dream of years would be realized and I should stand on its historic soil.

Botzen may be compared to the nave of a wheel—the rim is the universe of mountains, the spokes are the various approaches thereto. In every direction there are things deserving of notice, scenes terrific and lovely, the shade of firs and vineyards, castles and rushing torrents.

We were awakened early by Miss Morgan, who asked if we wanted to take a ride of forty-five miles over the Mendel to St. Michels, thus going around the break. All were eager for this new experience which cost five dollars extra, and soon we were off in easy carriages. How can I describe that ride? Words fail me. The road is a marvel of skill, cut from the mountain side; it is as smooth and hard as a polished marble floor, with its outer side protected by a stone fence. Perfectly secure, a glorious day and all surroundings congenial, I had only to give myself

up to the full enjoyment of the rarely beautiful view. Hour after hour we kept climbing up, up, mountain after mountain, while still higher peaks towered above us, all snow-capped, and now and then we saw a glacier glittering in the sun. The valleys and mountain sides were covered with vines, which promised a rich harvest, while the picturesque villages with their church spires pointing heavenward, and red-roofed houses, blue lakes, silver river and sparkling waterfalls completed a landscape too transcendently beautiful to be real. The glacier-seamed peaks looked like celestial palaces. At one time, near the summit of the Mendel, we could count the turns of the road, which, like a white ribbon, wound along in fourteen tiers, one above the other.

Miss Underhill and I walked about a mile and gathered wild flowers, and at noon we rested under wide-spreading trees near the palace of a baron, most charmingly located. The bells chimed and the encircling hills echoed the sounds again and again. I had a most delicious glass of milk, and the only time I have been embarrassed by my temperance principles was here. Our coachman carefully washed his glass, and pouring it full of wine, offered it to me, telling me it was remarkably fine, being eight years old. Of course, I declined as best I could, but I fear he thought I was too proud to accept his wine. A kind-hearted man he is. I was greatly drawn to him because of his goodness to his horses. No city-bred gentleman could have apologized more gracefully than did he, for taking off his coat, or said with more ease, "Allow me," when he took a cigar.

At two p. m. we reached the Mendelhof, a popular summer hotel, and had a most excellent dinner. From this point we descended. We passed through most quaint and picturesque villages. How I wish I had the picture of one little fellow who stood by himself slowly eating a lump of sugar, looking like a contented philosopher. He was a fit subject for Murillo's brush. In the background was a group of twenty-eight children of all ages, among them some real beauties. They looked at us as if we were princesses, and I could fancy their thoughts and longings to be like those grand ladies from the great world.

All along, we saw women in the fields working with the men, and oxen instead of horses are the rule.

We went about a mile out of our way to see a wonderful ravine, five hundred feet deep—a gorge with straight banks covered with fir trees and at the bottom the rushing river Noce, which doubtless ages ago was a small stream coming down the mountains, but slowly it deepened its bed until it is almost lost in the abyss it has itself formed. A beautiful bridge has been built across the gorge and to stand on it and look down made my blood run cold. I could think only of some of the places described in Dante's Inferno.

At eight o'clock we drove through a fine fort, over drawbridges and past soldiers, and reached the station, where we took the train for Verona, arriving at midnight.

Italy.

July 16.

ERONA is a fine city situated on both banks of the Adige, and strongly fortified. In entering we drove through huge gates guarded by soldiers, who peered into our carriages. We were at the Hotel de Loudres, formerly a palace of the Scaligers, for years the rulers of Verona. I did not sleep any better in those royal halls than I should in an ordinary hotel, but it *was* romantic, and I yielded to the charm and dreamed I was living a century ago.

Our morning drive took us past the Piazza Erbe, the ancient Forum, now the fruit and vegetable market, and one of the most picturesque squares in Italy. Hundreds of women in their bright dresses sat under large white umbrellas, while before them were piled luscious fruit, greens and flowers. I have never seen such cherries as in Germany and Italy. How I have enjoyed them, the quarts devoured can fully testify.

Our first visit was to Santo Zeno, the finest Romanesque church in northern Italy, begun in the seventh century. There were some fine pictures, and the crypt, containing the tomb of St. Zeno and

ancient sculptures and frescoes, was well worth the visit. Most interesting, however, were the cloisters with their elegant double columns, inclosing a flower-adorned court.

The chief sight of Verona is the amphitheater, erected about A. D. 290, one hundred and six feet high, one hundred and sixty-eight yards long and one hundred and thirty-four yards wide. I have so often pictured these resorts of the ancients, and this was just as I had fancied it. What scenes have been enacted on that arena! With the blood of how many martyrs has it been wet! Around the interior rise forty-three tiers of gray limestone steps on which twenty-four thousand spectators could sit. The visit of Napoleon I., in 1805, is commemorated by an inscription. Underneath the seats and between the entrances are the cells where were kept the beasts hungry for their prey.

On the way to the Tombs of the Scaligers we passed the home of Juliet, so our driver said, but I doubt it. There certainly was no balcony in sight for the accommodation of poor Romeo. The Montagues and the Capulets lived here in days of yore, and quarreled with each other. So saith Italian authority, and hence Shakspere drew the materials for his famous tragedy.

The Tombs are very fine Gothics and immortalize the masculine genius of the dynasty. We looked into one church and saw monks and people praying. Next, we went to a church very rich in wood carving. Never have we seen such rare work; the shading, all in natural wood, was almost equal to painting. A

fine candelabra of ebony worth more than its weight in gold, which was taken by Napoleon but restored, was in a chapel. The priest was putting on his robes for the service, while we stood there, and chatting with his assistants. He kissed the cross on his collar before putting it on his neck, in a decidedly mechanical way, I thought.

We stopped as we rode by the Garden of Justice, and looked up long terraces of steps, green hedges on either side, a perfect bower of beauty.

Morning found us *en route* for Venice, which we reached at three p. m. Never shall I forget my first sight of the "Queen of the Adriatic." I feared I might be disappointed in this most enchanting of cities, but I was not; when first I beheld it, rising fairy-like from the water, the spell was upon me and never will it depart. The approach to the city is over a bridge two miles long and finely constructed. Passing through the station we took places in a gondola and away we went. All our party were wild with delight and vowed they would never leave Venice. Hotel du Roma is very centrally located and is most comfortable.

Venice lies in the Lagune, a shallow bay of the Adriatic, about twenty-five miles in length and nine in width. Its fifteen thousand houses and palaces stand on one hundred and seventeen small islands, formed by one hundred and fifty canals, and connected by three hundred and seventy-eight bridges. One-fourth of the population are paupers.

Ruskin advises the traveler to devote his principal attention to the works of Tintoretto, Paul Veronese

and Bellini, not of course neglecting Titian, yet remembering that Titian can be studied in almost any large European gallery while the others can be judged of *only* in Venice.

Our first evening was ideal, it being the occasion of a celebration given in honor of the Prince of Morocco, who is making a tour of Italy. After dinner we "sailed away" to join the procession on the Grand Canal. I can not describe the scene. A blue, blue sky overhead, the canal, from which rose on either side stately palaces brightly illuminated with colored lights, while the water was covered with gondolas looking like fairy barks, with Chinese lanterns, flags and colored lights. The floating stage prepared for the singers was beautiful beyond description; from the center arose a tree formed of red, white and blue cups; the entire boat, which was circular, was covered with these, each containing an electric light. It was like a dream to see this wonderful craft floating along and to hear the music, which was very, very fine; following were a thousand gondolas, making an almost solid bridge across the canal, the gondoliers, in their white suits and silk sashes, standing and with graceful motion guiding the boats; the whole scene was most picturesque.

As we passed the Grand Hotel the white-turbaned Turks added the last touch to the enchanting scene. Here we heard most ravishing music, and the St. Maria della Salute, all aglow with a heavenly light, its marble steps covered with groups of spectators, was a picture worthy the greatest artist.

It was one o'clock before we reached home, not to sleep, even then, for I was intoxicated with delight.

July 17.—Like true pilgrims we went first to St. Mark's. The Piazza was our first halting place, a paved marble square one hundred and ninety-two yards in length, which affords the most striking evidence of the ancient glory of Venice. "The Place of St. Mark is the heart of Venice, and from this beats new life in every direction, through an intricate system of canals that bring it back again to the same center," says Howells. On three sides it is inclosed by imposing buildings which appear to form one vast marble palace. Here is the center of business and amusement and of all that is grandest and loveliest in Venetian architecture. To the seaward are the two famous columns of granite, one bearing the winged lion of St. Mark, the other the statue of St. Theodore. This used to be the place of execution.

Three richly decorated flag-staffs stand in front of the church. I had always determined when I came to Venice to feed the pigeons in the Piazza, and I did. Often three would perch on my hand at a time and eat the corn. At least five hundred circled about us, as friendly as friendly could be.

The nucleus of S. Marco, the church of St. Mark, the tutelary saint of Venice, whose bones are said to have been brought by Venetians from Alexandria, in 828, is a Romanesque building of the tenth century, which has since been remodeled in a Byzantine style and decorated with lavish and almost Oriental magnificence. It is in the form of a Greek cross covered with domes. Externally and internally the church is

ARMORIAL HALL—EASTNOR CASTLE.

adorned with five hundred marble columns. The mosaics cover an area of forty-five thousand, seven hundred and ninety square feet. The interior is perfectly gorgeous with gilding, bronze and marble. More suitable for a heathen temple than for the church of God, it seems to me. Over the principal portal are the celebrated four horses in gilded bronze, of Roman origin, probably of the time of Nero. Constantine sent them to Constantinople, whence the Doge Dandolo brought them to Venice in 1204. In 1797 they were carried by Napoleon to Paris, and in 1815 they were restored to their former position.

The Ducal Palace is "the great work of Venice," to quote Ruskin; the principal effort of her imagination, employing her best architects in its masonry and her best artists in its decoration, for a long series of years. The Giant staircase leading to the palace derives its name from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune at the top. On the highest landing of these steps the Doges were wont to be crowned. The colonnades were rich in busts of the *nobili* whose names used to be entered in the Golden Book.

The great Council hall is immense and contains Tintoretto's Paradise, the largest oil painting in the world. Ruskin says it is the most precious thing in Venice, but Ruskin and I differ on this, as on many other points. I saw only a bewildering multitude of figures, some, indeed, being fine. On either side of the room were huge globes, and from the balcony we had a good view of the lagoon. All the rooms are most interesting. The sides and roofs are

covered with fine pictures by Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese.

We passed over the Bridge of Sighs, that "pathetic swindle," as Howells calls it, into the gloomy dungeons, torture-chamber and place of execution for political criminals. Saw the stone beds on which they slept, if sleep they could in such a place, and the hole in the walls where their food was handed through. It made me shudder, and I was very glad to return to the sunshine and the peaceful doves.

In the afternoon, Miss Underhill and I went shopping and in the evening spent an hour on the Grand Canal. It seemed very quiet compared to the previous evening. Saw the house where Browning lived and died.

Our girls were greatly amused at the bathers. The public way in which they go into the water was considered "rank" by our Western lassies.

July 18.—In our comfortable gondolas we floated to the principal churches. S. Zaccarie erected in 1457, contains the best by Bellini, The Virgin with Four Saints; S. Giovanni e Paolo, a magnificent Italian Gothic—next to St. Mark's the most imposing in Venice—contains the burial vaults of the Doges. It is the Westminster of Venice. In its chapels are charred remains of beautiful reliefs. The Church of the Frari is a noble example of Italian Gothic, interior fine but chiefly interesting for its monuments. It has a large and elegant monument of Titian and the tomb of Canova from a design of his own, which is very like the one in St Augustine

Church, Vienna. There are also many beautiful pictures by Titian. The Church of the Jesuits is famous, and rightly so, for its interior. The walls are covered with imitations of drapery in white marble inlaid with green, most wonderful. A balcony and curtain drawn aside, all of marble, is very ornate.

After lunch we walked over the iron bridge (the only one not stone in the city, I believe) to the Academy of Fine Arts, passing on the way a most magnificent palace. The Academy is a suppressed Augustine convent, and contains six hundred pictures. Paused first before Titian's Assumption. Composition wonderful and the coloring rich and beautiful. My favorite. Others I liked were:

Bellini's Madonna Enthroned with Saints.

Tintoretto's Death of Abel; most wonderful because of its perfect truth to anatomy.

Veronese, Jesus in Home of Levi.

Series of scenes from life of St. Ursula.

Miraculous Finding of Piece of True Cross Which Had Fallen into Canal.

Titian, Presentation in Temple. Sweet figure of very young girl.

Titian, St. John in Wilderness.

The heat was intense, and so we rested until after dinner, then went to the Piazza to see the gay world. Heard music by military band. All very gay and Venetian-like.

I thought often of what the Boston girl wrote home, and feel I can appreciate her state of mind, when she said, "Last night I lay in a gondola on

the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

July 19.—Off for Florence. One more gondola ride in the fresh, cool morning breeze. It seemed almost like leaving a beloved friend. Venice is so dear and near to my heart. We stopped at Bologna but not long enough to see Raphael's St. Cecilia. In the time of its greatest prosperity Bologna University had women professors. In the fourteenth century, Novella d'Andrea, a lady of great personal attractions, who is said to have been concealed by a curtain during her lectures; later, Laura Bassi taught mathematics and physical science; another, anatomy, and in 1792–1817 Clotilda Tambroni taught Greek. In 1200 the University had ten thousand students.

On through the Appenines country. In and out of forty-five tunnels we sped, two over a mile long. At first it was great sport, but after a while it became very monotonous. Between, we caught lovely glimpses of the valleys and fertile plains of Tuscany, the garden of Italy, and of olive trees and vines. I was disappointed in the Italian country. The grand Tyrolese scenery spoiled me for anything ordinary, I fear. Reached Florence about four p. m. Took phaeton for our *pension*, Mrs. Lawrence, 8 Via Venezia, which was very homelike and comfortable.

After dinner, Mr. Lawrence, a courtly gentleman of the old school, and his grandchild, Dell Marita, a shy, very precocious Italian beauty, escorted us to Palazza Cavona, where we refreshed ourselves with ices, and afterwards walked in a people's park where

are all kinds of shows, monkeys, etc. The Italians are like the French ; the most they want is to eat, drink and be merry.

Miss D.'s window looks out upon fig trees in fruit and magnolias in blossom ; very charming. She said all she wanted was a Romeo to do the Romeo and Juliet act. A very bright girl. She and Miss P. are typical society girls, their vocabulary composed almost entirely of slang which they use in such an appropriate and offhand way as to make it almost pardonable. Miss S. is more truly cultured and earnest, yet anxious to go into society ; a sweet-faced girl who was surely formed for better things. All three drink beer and wine, and rather enjoy the thought that they shock me. How little they know how I really love them and long for them to know the truer and nobler side of life ! God grant I may be able to cause an "arrest of thought." They are good at heart, but thoughtless and ignorant ; all they need, is to be convinced that their influence is bad, and they would never drink wine again. Miss U. is an earnest, conscientious girl and I like her very much. She and I are a constant source of amusement to the "girls." When we rush off to see an old painting they exclaim, "There they go on the scent of another Saint," and like expressions, much to our delight.

July 20.—A rich day in classical Florence, situated on the Arno which flows through the heart of the city. Never has the sky seemed so blue as here, or the stars so brilliant and near. I can not describe this art city of Tuscany and the world, with its surrounding

gardens, the blue mountains standing out against the golden background of a western sky. "Each street contains a world of art; the walls of the city are the calyx, containing the fairest flowers of the human mind, and this is but the richest gem in the diadem with which the Italian people have adorned the earth."

After breakfast we started for the Church of S. Annunziata which has many frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, whose house we passed on the way. It bears a marble tablet with the inscription: "Andrea del Sarto * * * died 1530, full of glory and domestic affliction." Mrs. Lawrence took us to the high altar where we could see the service and hear the grand orchestral music. The choir is directly under the huge dome, which is gorgeously adorned with clouds, figures, angels, etc., in confusion.

We next visited the Accademia di Bella Arti, to see Michael Angelo's celebrated David, carved in 1501–4 from a gigantic block of marble which had been abandoned as spoiled. Writing that fact, reminds me of the time when for five successive Sundays I heard five different ministers tell of the great sculptor who found an angel in a rejected stone. "David" well deserves the praise that is bestowed upon it. Michael Angelo was four years completing the work. "Outwardly the young hero is composed and quiet; but each limb is animated by a common impulse from within, and the whole body is braced for action. The raised left arm holds the sling, the right hand hanging by his side conceals the pebble; next instant he will make the attack."

We next went to the Monastery of S. Marco and I experienced a genuine thrill as I walked where Savonarola had trod. This was indeed sacred ground and all was peaceful and quiet, in harmony with the day. One of the walls of the great Refectory is adorned with the so-called "Providenza," showing the brothers and St. Dominic seated at a table and fed by angels.

We entered the cells once occupied by Savonarola, saw his dress, crucifix and a piece of the stake at which he was burned after being hung in 1498. A fine picture of him by Fra Bartolomeo hung upon the wall. What Luther was to Germany, Savonarola was to Italy. The road to reform seems always to lead by the cross.

The face of the sweet and gentle St. Antonine, Archbishop of Florence, looked down upon us in blessing as we entered his cell.

All the cloisters are adorned with wonderful paintings by Fra Angelico; especially did I like the easel pictures. This blessed man felt that his inspiration to paint came directly from God, and every stroke of his brush was preceded by prayer. He painted only devout and saintly subjects, for which he would accept no remuneration.

Lübke says: "His angels are the purest types to which imagination has consented. By no other hand are these beings of another sphere depicted so genuinely as the gentle guardians of man."

The library, the first public library in Italy, built by Cosmo de Medici in 1441, contains wonderful illuminated rituals. In the afternoon we visited the Uffizi

Gallery. Our way was along the Arno and we entered through a corridor; in niches were the marble statues of celebrated Tuscans in 1842–56. I recognized the face of Dante. The gallery originated with the celebrated Medici family, to whom this city owes much of its greatness. We went first to the Tribuna where are the choicest gems of the collection. I was somewhat disappointed in the pictures, but not in the marbles. The Venus de Medici is very satisfactory. Her face is so beautiful and so intellectual that it is not dazzled out of sight by her form. Her position at first seems affected, but study convinces one it is modesty. The arms have been badly restored. When found by Cosmo de Medici in the sixteenth century, the statue was in thirteen pieces.

The Wrestlers displays in the accuracy of its knotted muscles great anatomical knowledge, and represents the best age of Greek art. The other noticeable statues are: Satyr Playing on Cymbal; The Grinder,—fine; Boy Extricating Thorn,—perfect.

The pictures that most attracted me were Raphael's Madonna and Child; Correggio's Repose on the Flight to Egypt; del Sarto's Madonna with SS John and Francis; Dürer, Adoration of the Magi; Michael Angelo, Holy Family.

A fitting ending to this rare, rare day, was a visit to the Protestant cemetery and the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. On her monument are a beautiful bas-relief of this greatest of women poets and the initials, "E. B. B." To think that she and Robert Browning, so united in life, must be separated in death, is heart-breaking. In this beautiful, quiet

spot under the blue Italian sky, lie also Theodore Parker, Walter Savage Landor and Arthur Clough.

July 21.—A round of churches. First, to the Duomo, the most beautiful exterior I have ever seen, all white, black, pink and blue marble. Rare paintings and the most exquisite carvings, fine as laces, and statues, embellish the entire front. The interior seemed very bare after the ornate outside, looks much as if a man built so fine a house he had nothing left with which to furnish it; but it is very impressive, owing to its grand dimensions. The stained glass windows are very rich in coloring. By the side door are a portrait of Dante and a scene from the Divine Comedy.

The Campanile, or bell tower, the unrivalled work of Giotto, is two hundred and ninety-two feet high, coated with many-colored marbles to correspond with the cathedral, and adorned with statues and reliefs by Donatello, Andrea Pisano and other masters. It consists of four stories. Ruskin says of it: "The characteristics of Power and Beauty occur more or less in different buildings, some in one and some in another. But altogether and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, so far as I know, in only one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto."

Just across from the Duomo is the Baptistery with its celebrated bronze doors by Ghiberti, said by Michael Angelo to be fit to be the doors of Paradise. They are indeed a marvel of art; every figure—birds, trees and clouds—stands out full of action. The scenes are from Scriptural history.

We witnessed the baptism of two babies not over two days old. One was of the poorer class, the other of the richer. A boy not over five years old was godfather of the latter. How I did pity the poor little things, so tightly bound that they were like mummies. They were so purple in the face I feared they would die; but what if they did? their salvation was secured (?) by a priest mumbling over them and pouring water on their heads. Every Catholic child in Florence is brought here to be baptized.

We had a touch of the modern, in the chapel of the princes of the Medici family at the S. Lorenzo, one of the most ancient churches in Italy. The cloisters are a refuge for homeless cats which are fed here daily at noon. We did not see that interesting performance, but I am glad to know that such kindness exists in this cold, cold world! The chapel of the Prince is gorgeously decorated with marble and mosaics in stone. In six niches were the magnificent sarcophagi of the princes. The marble cushions were all studded with jewels. Four million, four hundred thousand dollars was expended by the Medici on the construction and decoration of this chapel.

In the new sacristy, built by Michael Angelo, are his great statues. One would know instantly that a master hand wrought here. Of the statue of Lorenzo de Medici, Hawthorne says: "After looking at it a little while, it comes to life and you see the princely figure is brooding over some great design * * * No such grandeur and majesty have elsewhere been put into human shape. It is all a miracle; the deep repose and the deep life within it." Below

this, are the tomb, and the statues of Evening and Dawn.

Just opposite, is the mausoleum of Guiliano de Medici. Below, are Day and Night. The latter is a grand female form. On the pedestal is written: "Sleep is sweet, and yet more sweet is it to be of stone while misery and wrong endure. Not to see, not to feel, is my joy. So wake me not! Ah, speak in whispers." Thus does the great sculptor express his own sorrow over the destruction of the free government of his beloved Florence.

The walls are unadorned, and only the great master's hand is apparent. As I looked, the marbles seemed to move, and I had the feeling that, should I speak aloud, Lorenzo would start and look up, and probably frown at me for disturbing his profound reverie. What genius was Michael Angelo's! How marvelously he wrought in stone, yet how much grander to mould and shape human beings, if for good!

The S. Maria Novella is perhaps the purest and most elegant example of Tuscan Gothic. A fat, jolly monk, who took great pains to show us all the devils in the pictures and enjoyed them immensely himself, showed us all about. Here are some fine and celebrated paintings: Cimabue's Madonna, The Last Judgment, and Paradise, by Andrea Orcagna; Hell, by his brother Bernardo. The cloisters are also very fine, the walls covered with frescoes.

A drive past the homes of Michael Angelo and Dante, situated in dirty back streets, ended the morning. In what footsteps are we treading! All

the afternoon I spent in writing letters to my loved ones. Would that they were with me.

July 22.—I did not feel well, so saw the party go off without me. Spent the morning in bed. The first moment I have "lost" since leaving home. In the afternoon Mrs. Lawrence took us to see the marble mosaics manufactured. It is simply wonderful what is done with little pieces of stone! The most delicately-tinted plumage of birds is represented, and the expression of faces. What careful work it all requires, and the laborers are only paid about one and one-half to two francs a day, thirty or forty cents.

July 23.—My last day in Florence, and a very delightful one. First, we went to S. Croce, the Westminster of this city. In the piazza is a very fine monument to Dante, inaugurated with great solemnity on the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet, 1265–1865. Would that America would use her surplus in erecting statues to her great men and decorating her cities! The glass in the central window in the church is from drawings by Ghiberti. The sun streamed through, bringing out all the richness of the coloring. On the right, is the tomb of Michael Angelo, whose remains repose below; near by, the monument to Dante, who is buried at Ravenna. The marble pulpit, with its beautiful bas-reliefs, is the finest in Italy, and this is a land of pulpits.

Rossini, the composer, lies here. As I reached the Cappella Medici, I observed a man on his knees saying his prayers most devoutly. In a second he

turned around and holding out his hand begged for money. Italy is the home of paupers and priests. The Bonaparte family has a chapel here containing several fine monuments. Next it, is the chapel where are Giotto's principal paintings, the work of his ripest years, full of intellectual life and unadulterated truthfulness. In the Cappella Bardi Chapel, which Ruskin calls the most interesting and perfect Gothic in Italy, Giotto depicts scenes from the life of St. Francis.

Every inch of this "Pantheon" was interesting and I left it with regret.

We next went to the Piazza della Signonia, once the Forum of the republic. Here stood the stake at which Savonarola and two other Dominican monks were burned in 1498. In the Palazzo Vecchio, is the great hall, where Savonarola used to address the Italian Parliament. At a hole high up in the wall Lorenzo de Medici used to listen to what was being said below.

Entering the Uffizi Gallery I saw pictures literally by the yard, on my way to the Pitti. Hundreds of departed brave men and fair ladies looked upon me as I passed. The covered way between the two galleries is at least one half mile in length; from the windows I looked down upon lovely gardens, fountains, grottoes, and magnolia trees in full bloom.

Since the sixteenth century the Pitti Palace has been the residence of the reigning sovereign, and is now that of King Humbert, when in Florence. It outwardly resembles a prison, as do all Italian palaces; plain, with iron bars across all the windows, but within, as we catch glimpses, all is beauty, and the

gardens are rarely lovely. Such palms as rear their stately heads, and oleanders, huge trees in full bloom!

No gallery in the world can boast of so many masterpieces as the Pitti. It contains only about five hundred pictures, but every one is a gem. The rooms in which they are placed are very handsome also.

The treasures of the gallery culminate in Raphael's works, of which there are a dozen. The exquisite Madonna della Sedia (the Madonna of the Chair), is here; no other work is so well known, it is said, and it should be so, for no other breathes such serene happiness. It is a most fitting seal for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Some of the other pictures are Madonna della Impannata. Hawthorne calls it the most beautiful picture in the world and it excels all of Raphael's previous Madonnas in the charm of profound feeling.

Andrea del Sarto: Conference of the Fathers of the Church, Regarding the Doctrine of the Trinity.

Annunciation.

History of Joseph.

Holy Family.

Descent from the Cross.

Rubens: Holy Family.

Rubens with his Brothers and Scholars. A bunch of tulips in a glass adds most charming effect

The Three Fates, the author unknown.

Titian's Magdalene,—merely a handsome girl.

Murillo's Madonna, my favorite of all I have seen, except those by Raphael. The sweet mother holding the Child, who stands and looks at you with a divine expression, wins your heart at once.

Albert Dürer: Adam. The most perfect treatment of the nude yet produced by northern art.

Madonna of the Canopy, Raphael.

The Virgin on Throne, Holding Child—two angels hold back curtains.

We passed a small bath-room most luxuriously fitted up—all marble and mosaics, with four statues. Next it, was the saloon with frescoes representing the golden, silver, brazen and iron ages, and two statues in bronze, Cain and Abel, by Deprè. It is said they aroused great jealousy among his contemporaries, who said they were cast over a dead body, so absolutely perfect were they, but when measured they were found to be four times the size of a man, so the lie was refuted. The expression of Cain's face is wonderful. He is represented fleeing through the world, his hands on his forehead.

The pastor of St. Luke's M. E. Church, New York, a very fine and interesting man, dined with us, and afterwards we went to ride. He had just come from Rome, where he said Catholicism may be seen in all its hideousness. Poor, priest-ridden Italy! three hundred thousand leeches bleed you,—and yet, I wonder if it is not better than no religion.

We ascended the heights in windings, and reaching the Piazza we alighted to enjoy the charming view. In the center of the Piazza rises a bronze copy of Michael Angelo's David, very imposing.

Below us lay the city, but dimly discerned in the gathering twilight. The Arno, flowing through its heart, reflected the domes and turrets and every light as if it were a mirror. To the right, lay Fiesole, to the left, the villa-covered heights; in the center, the city with the Cathedrals S. Croce and S. Lorenzo,

the Palazzo Vecchio, S. Maria Novella and the Lungarno.

I can never forget that exalted view of beautiful Florence. It was like a dream; indeed, was one of my dreams of years, materialized, and I could not believe it.

I wonder if Savonarola used to come to this height, and looking upon his beloved home, would he weep? Did the Brownings walk upon this beautiful site, and talk of life and its fullness? Did George Eliot find here the quiet and grandeur that her restless, noble heart demanded? Did Michael Angelo, from this height, look down upon his own magnificent creations? What a cloud of witnesses around this spot! Yes, all have been here, and all are gone. When will the world see another such galaxy?

July 23.—At 7:30 we were *en route* for the Eternal City.

July 28.—Gladly and yet regretfully, I left the Eternal City. Gladly, because it was warm, and, too, I had the feeling that I was attending a continual funeral, and was oppressed by ponderous remembrances. In so close proximity with the Past, the Present seemed to have no right to be, or I, with my little deeds and puny desires.

Leaving the city, we passed by the old walls inclosing what once was the ruler of the world, and soon the dome of St. Peter's faded from sight; the seven hills were scarcely discernible and Rome was no more before my eyes. I pinched my arm to see if I was really myself, and finding I was flesh and blood, fell to dreaming dreams. How little time it seems since

Romulus established his city on the Palatine Hill; everywhere we saw signs that the old fable has taken deep hold on the hearts of the people, and they keep it fresh in their minds by statues representing the wolf nourishing Romulus and Remus.

Only two thousand years since Christ lived among men and suffered and died! What a moment it seems! Why did the Father let so many ages go by before the completion of His great plan of redemption, I wonder? Only two thousand years, and yet how Christianity has swept the earth and shaken every false doctrine from its rotten pedestal! Surely,

> "Our days are in His hands
> Who said, 'A whole I planned.'"

Just here my blessed thoughts were disturbed by exclamations from the girls, who caught the first glimpse of the Mediterranean Sea, and soon we sighted the island of Elba, made immortal by the great Napoleon. We left the coast all too soon, and the scenery became uninteresting. The long-horned cattle, a Roman peculiarity, were feeding on the dried-up grass, and occasionally we passed a prairie fire.

It was late when we reached Pisa, and all were glad when we were inside the walls of the quiet old town. Never can I forget the night I spent there. No sooner were we in bed than at least one thousand mosquitos attacked us. Within five minutes my face was covered with gore and my body with corpses. The battle continued until morning and by

the looks of all our faces, I think the "foxy" insect got the better of us.

After breakfast we drove around town on our way to the centers of interest. At the gate of the city, a guard looked into our carriage to see if we had food. This is the rule in all Italian cities.

Pisa, at the beginning of the eleventh century, was one of the greatest commercial and seafaring towns on the Mediterranean, a rival of Venice and Genoa. We crossed the Arno—so dear because of beautiful Florence—and came to that "group of buildings without a parallel," the Cathedral, Leaning Tower and Baptistery, and Campo Santo (Holy Ground); situated as these are, beyond the town and its disturbing influences, they seemed more sacred than any others we have visited.

The Cathedral was erected after the great naval victory of the Pisans near Palermo in 1063. It is constructed entirely of white marble, with black and colored ornamentations. The façade is most beautiful; the work is so fine that it looks like lace. The roof is richly gilded.

In the center of the nave is the bronze lamp, the swaying of which first suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. The interior is all very rich in mosaics, bronze and marble.

The Baptistery, a few steps from the Cathedral, is circular and of white marble. The font is under the conical dome. The interior is plain with the exception of the famous hexagonal pulpit, with its wonderful reliefs by Nicolo Pisano. They represent (1) Annunciation and Nativity, (2) Adoration of the

Magi, (3) Presentation in the Temple, (4) Crucifixion, (5) The Last Judgment. The Virgin in the reliefs is most stately and queenly.

The custodian sounded several notes and they were repeated again and again and again, in most beautifully harmonious chords, making the finest echo I have heard.

The Leaning Tower was more remarkably inclined than I had expected to find it. It is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high and thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It is about decided that this peculiarity was intentional—another fond delusion of my youth dispelled! Galileo used here to make his experiments regarding the laws of gravitation. The Tower contains seven bells, which somewhat comforted me in the night hours, when I was keeping an enforced vigil.

In the Campo Santo I longed to linger and rest; it was so quiet and peaceful, with its flowers, birds, monuments and paintings. These burial grounds are like the veranda on the three sides of our house in Streator, only in front are beautiful carved arches and pillars. This was founded in 1200. After the loss of the Holy Land fifty-three ship-loads of earth were brought hither from Mt. Calvary that the dead might repose in holy ground. Three chapels adjoin the Campo. The walls are covered with frescoes, the most interesting and celebrated being the Triumph of Death, a startling picture embodying the old ideas of Calvin. In the center is Death, with horned flames shooting around him and little devils chasing unhappy souls trying to escape.

How I rejoiced that I live in an age which has, with God's blessed dynamite of love, blown up these horrible conceptions of Him, and in their places given us love and justice and mercy and long-suffering. The world progresses; a visit to Europe is the best remedy I know for a pessimist.

On another wall, among monuments to the great and good who have found their last resting-place in this quiet spot, hung the chains of the ancient harbor of Pisa, captured by the Genoese in 1848 and given to the Florentines, who returned them in 1860.

Returning, we passed the St. Maria della Spina, so called from a fragment of the veritable Crown of Thorns once preserved there; an elegant little church in the Pisan Gothic style, erected for sailors about to go to sea. Some such beautiful thoughts in stone almost reconcile one to Romanism. This church is the most perfect Gothic flower I have seen. You would suppose the architect must have softened the stone into wax, until his most delicate fancies were modeled in the pliant material, and then hardened it into stone again.

At nine o'clock we were *en route* for Milan. The railroad, which is a marvel of engineering, gave us an almost uninterrupted series of charming views of land and sea. Long before noon my breath was exhausted by constant exclamations. How I love the beautiful sea! How I rejoiced in it and the mountains, after southern Italy!

We passed through eighty-five tunnels cut out of the rock at the very edge of the sea. Never have I seen such a perfect body of water. Truly, it is the

blue Mediterranean, and such an intense blue ; nothing can compare with it, unless it be sunny Italy's azure sky. The beach was lined with bathers. We watched them splashing in the cool water with envious eyes. Two young divers jumped from a high rock down into the foaming surf and verily I thought they would dash their brains out, but they came up again smiling and bowing to us as we moved off. On the high points were lovely castles and villas. The little towns are full of *pensions* built on the gently sloping hills ; most attractive they looked.

I longed to stop at Carrara and visit the far-famed quarries, but there was not time ; about six thousand men work the four hundred quarries.

We could have spent two weeks most delightfully on this trip. Charming excursions can be made from almost every point, by steamer and carriage. I closed my eyes and saw the wonderful views in fancy.

At Nervi, surrounded with groves of fine olives, oranges and lemons, we had a noble survey of the sea and valley. All this country is most fertile. Would that I could paint the scene ! To the right, the Mediterranean, glittering in the sun and dotted with snowy sails ; to the left, the olive-clad Apennines, sprinkled with country houses, villas, dense lemon plantations, fig and palm trees.

Early in the afternoon we saw the fortress-crowned heights of Genoa, and in another minute we were in the long tunnel through which we enter the city. Only time to change cars, not even a glimpse of the fine statue of Columbus. The houses are very much decorated outside, paintings being on the

windows and window-blinds. Many steamers were in the harbor and there was a general commercial look. The city is very picturesquely built on a steep hillside. I did not know, until I read it in Baedeker, that it is the chief commercial city in Italy. It is called "La Superba," because of its fine situation and numerous palaces.

July 30.—At eight o'clock we reached Milan and soon were at the Hotel de l'Europe—a very comfortable place. How luxurious our large, handsomely furnished room seemed, only weary travelers like ourselves can appreciate! From our balcony we could almost touch the beautiful Cathedral, and under its shadow we slept most peacefully. With difficulty we were ready for our nine o'clock breakfast in the pleasant dining-room, which looks into a garden house decorated with a most extraordinary picture of a masked carnival in Venice.

This city certainly deserves its name of "La Grande." Very modern and sweet-smelling it seemed after decaying, musty old Rome. The shops are elegant and reminded me of New York and Chicago. Milan is the capital of Lombardy, the chief financial center of Italy, and ranks next to Naples in population—three hundred and seventy-three thousand.

Our first visit was to the Cathedral. It looked just as I had expected, from the many pictures I have seen, and is surely the eighth wonder of the world. Next to St. Peter's in Rome and the cathedral at Seville, it is the largest church in Europe. It holds forty thousand people.

The interior is very attractive; the great columns with canopied niches containing statues, in place of capitals, give an effect of richness. The stained glass in the three vast choir windows is magnificent. It represents three hundred and fifty Scriptural subjects. The sunlight came through in a flood of glory.

We mounted nearly to the top of the dome by five hundred steps, and there had a fine view of the flying buttresses and innumerable points tipped with statues which from the ground seemed mere pigmies, but here were life-size. The view of the city was fine, but it was not clear enough to see the Matterhorn and other mountains.

Taking carriages we drove to S. Marie della Grazie, formerly an abbey church, but now a barrack, and once used by Napoleon's soldiers as a stable.

In the refectory is Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, the first picture that made an impression on me as a child. This great master was one of the most remarkable geniuses in the history of art. He was no less gifted in science, music and poetry than in painting and sculpture. Lübke says his peculiarities are "extreme scrupulousness about the nicest details, a certain massiveness in designing and modeling and an airy softness of outline and delicate blending of colors." The Last Supper was painted in 1496–98. It is badly preserved but more perfect than I had expected. "A picture in ruins," and yet enough remains of the grouping and expression of the faces to make it wonderful. The face of Christ is more nearly my ideal than any I have ever seen; so full of heavenly resignation. The room in which this noble work

of art is, seems most unfitting; bare walls, an unpainted pine table and pine floor, and yet the picture is so grand it dignifies and makes attractive its homely surroundings. We saw a fine copy for sale, price two thousand dollars. The artist had most perfectly caught the great master's expression.

The Brera, or Palace of Science and Art, contains the picture gallery and library. In the center of the court is Canova's fine statue of Napoleon I. holding in his hand an image of Victory.

The gem of the collection is Raphael's Sposalizio, or Marriage with Joseph, painted in 1504. Mary in the center is attended by a group of graceful virgins, while near Joseph are the rejected suitors, one of whom breaks his shriveled wand. According to the story, each lover was given a wand and the one that budded was the chosen of the Lord. Joseph carries his wand which is covered with buds. The conception is very sweet and the grouping and coloring are delicate.

I was greatly attracted to the original drawing of the head of Christ, for The Last Supper. It haunts me.

Other pictures were, Guercino's Hagar and Abraham; Guido's St. Paul reproving St. Peter; Titian, St. Jerome, Hirroble; Rembrandt, Portrait of a Lady; Mantegna, Pieta; Guido Reni, SS. Paul and Peter; Rubens, Last Supper.

The afternoon we spent in shopping in the Palazzo Reale, with its handsome court with a double colonnade and statues and fountains. In the Piazza della Scala is the fine monument of Leonardo da Vinci by

Magni. It is over life-size, of Carrara marble, stands on a lofty pedestal surrounded by statues of four of his pupils and adorned with copies of his principal works in relief.

July 31.—At 7: 30 we were on our way to Lucerne. What a wonderful journey it is! We traversed a fertile plain, luxuriantly clothed with vineyards and fields of maize, went through many tunnels, and passed through Monza. In the cathedral is the Iron Crown of Lombardy, said to contain an iron band made from a nail of the true cross, presented by Pope Gregory to Queen Theodolinda in the sixth century. It was used at the coronation of Charles V., of Napoleon, in 1805, and of Ferdinand I., in 1838.

How beautiful Lake Como looked as it came into view, deeply imbedded in the Alps, with its shores and mountain slopes dotted with towns and villas and rich in tropical vegetation. An ideal spot for a honeymoon, I thought, for any one anticipating such an event. The water was celestial blue and reflected like a mirror. Its length is thirty miles. This is the favorite resort of the rich Milanese.

Switzerland.

SOON after leaving Como we came to Chiasso, our first Swiss village, and said farewell to beautiful Italy — by nature so endowed, by men so outraged. A very funny experience with the custom-house awaited us. We had been told the examination was severe, but our bags were not even opened ; but two officers came and took Miss N. and Miss D. into the baggage car, much to the disgust of the latter and against her protest.

We passed on through Paradiso tunnel under the spur of Monte Salavatore, and skirted the shore of Lake Lugano, having a beautiful view of the lake which branches into two bays.

The town of Lazano is beautifully situated, and possesses all the charm of Italian scenery, with the added delight of Swiss mountains. In the distance we caught a tantalizingly short glimpse of Lake Mazzonio. On, on we went, past snow-clad peaks and dashing waterfalls and through wonderful tunnels forming perfect loops. Often the train would emerge directly above where it entered a mountain, only many feet higher.

The rushing, roaring Reuss followed us, its clear waters churned to milky foam by the great rocks that form its bed. Gorges worn by rivers and waterfalls we crossed by iron bridges, and finally entered the St. Gothard tunnel, nine and one-quarter miles in length, that marvel of tunnels which cost two million three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds. We were eighteen minutes in going through. The scenery from here was more and more grand and beautiful; many times we crossed the brawling Reuss by imposing bridges, three hundred feet high, ascended mountains by means of curved tunnels and beheld on either side the Alps towering into the heavens, eight, nine, and ten thousand feet. At Fluelen we took the steamer and I met on board Bishop Foss and his son and daughter. It seemed as if we had come out of nature's heart back to giddy civilization, when we reached the steamer, crowded with handsomely-dressed people. I immediately put on my gloves, which I had not seen for a week, and felt I was once more in the harness.

A two hours' ride on this ideal lake brought us to Lucerne. On the way we passed Tell's Chapel, erected on the spot where the Swiss liberator sprang out of Gessler's boat. The mountains rise abruptly on either side, lofty peaks, snow-clad, peep through the gorges which open at intervals.

Bremen has the finest situation of any place on the lake because it has a survey of both arms. All along were scattered the beautiful villages. As we approached Lucerne we had a strikingly picturesque view of the town with its towers and battlements.

We landed at five o'clock and soon were at our hotel.

Our rooms were on the fourth floor, and as I went to the window and looked out I held my breath. So exquisite was the scene, I thought God had withdrawn the veil which separates the better world from ours, and given me a glimpse of the Eternal City. At my feet lay the Lake of the Four Cantons, its blue, blue surface all aglow with the last rays of the setting sun; to the left, rose the Rigi, and to the right, Pilatus, a most exquisite lavender edged with gold; directly in front, were lofty peaks, snow-clad, while over all the Jungfrau reared her snowy head. A hundred little sailboats dotted the lake. As I looked, the moon came out, full-orbed, and changed all the golden glory to a silvery sheen. The mountains stood in bolder relief against the white background and the water was changed to rippling, molten silver. I knelt long and let that wonderful light absorb me into itself, and prayed God would thus take me into Himself. I seemed alone with my Creator and talked with Him, face to face.

Aug. 1.—We started early for the Rigi. A delightful ride of two hours on the lake brought us to Vitnau, where we found the odd little engine waiting to push us up the great mountain. In the middle of the track is a cog track, and on the engine a cogwheel, so it is quite safe.

It seemed like being freed from the body and spirit only to mount faster and faster into the heavens and watch the earth recede. The views as one rose higher became more and more magnificent, and when we

reached the Kulm, six thousand feet above the sea level, the panorama was superbly beautiful. It was three hundred miles in circumference. On one side stretched the snow-clad Alps, one hundred and twenty miles in length, with many huge glaciers. To the north, lay four cantons; fourteen lakes formed the centers for numberless little villages, clustered on their sides, while in the background rose the forests.

It was like being on a holy mountain apart from all the world. I was intoxicated with the grandeur. Miss U. and I wandered away from the rest and gathered flowers, then had dinner at the fine hotel that crowns the summit. As I ate, I looked through the window to the huge, snowy crest of the Glarnich, covered with its white mantle of eternal snow. How I love these God-made pyramids, one and all. Rigi, the ever-white Jungfrau, and the jagged peaks of the somber Pilatus.

All things have an end, and we were obliged to leave this heavenly height, and descend once more to the earth and things earthly. Another dreamy ride on the beautiful lake and we were back in our room in time to "drink in" the sunset, which was more beautiful than the night before, if possible, for just before it faded the wind rose and the water was covered with snowy plumes tinged with pink and gold. Suddenly, a rarely perfect rainbow arched the sky. It sprang directly from the lake and stretched from mountain to mountain; soon another appeared and both shone with unnatural brilliancy for half an hour and then faded. Dark clouds hung over the mountains, and when the round face of the moon appeared,

it was against a black background which made the mountains stand out as if cut in relief. The silver light hung all about them, a glowing white fringe. Above, a somber-hued curtain was slowly let down until it met the brilliant peaks and covered the smiling face, and all was darkness.

Aug. 2.—In the afternoon we went to pay our respects to the patron saint of the town, the Lion of Lucerne. We found him where he has been since 1821, when he was cut out of the solid rock. The noble old hero is lying on his side, the death agony on his face. He is transfixed by a broken lance; with his paw he shelters the Bourbon lilies, and near is the Swiss flag with its white cross. No more magnificent monument in memory of the seven hundred and sixty Swiss guards who fell in defense of the Tuileries could have been conceived. Thorwaldsen must have been inspired. We saw his model in the shop opposite. The rock bears this inscription:

"These are the names of those who did not fail in their sacred faith and died fighting bravely, twenty-six leaders."

Then follow the names of the officers. The rock is overhung with trees and creepers. A spring at the top flows down one side and forms a dark pool at the base.

Home to elaborate *table d'hôte*. Rain all the evening.

Sunday, Aug. 3.—Spent a quiet morning in the comfortable hotel. I never had such a "homey" feeling in so fashionable a place. Perhaps it is the beautiful stained glass window in the entrance hall

with its "*Grüss Gott*"—"God greet you." Imagine such a thing in the Palmer House! In the afternoon Misses M., U. and I took a stroll about the quaint old town, more beautiful for situation than any other I have seen. Its walls are well preserved, and from them rise nine watchtowers, all painted with historical subjects. We walked across the wooden bridges which curve over the rushing, roaring, raging river Reuss that issues from the lake with the swiftness of a torrent, and had a magnificent view of the town and its encircling mountains. The bridges are black with age; on triangular boards on the Kapelibrüche are painted one hundred and fifty-four scenes from the lives of the patron saints of the town, and on the Mühlenbrüche the celebrated Dance of Death. Every class in life is represented, from the King to the pauper, and by each stands Death, just ready to seize him.

We stopped to watch the swans and waterfowls, so graceful and tame. I had never before seen perfectly black swans with bright red beaks.

We followed the crooked, narrow old streets and peeped into the picturesque houses with their little dormer windows and moss-covered roofs. Many were built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and time has painted them more exquisitely than could any master hand. On the mountain sides were beautiful villas and *pensions* commanding fine views of the lake and Alps. Some day I will bring Helen and come here for the summer, if God directs. "My times are in His hands."

Aug. 4.—A last look at the wonderful Rigi and imposing Pilatus, both looking solemn and forbid-

ding in the mist and rain, and we were again on the upward way.

I must record one of the many legends connected with Pilatus, and that is that when Pontius Pilate was banished from Galilee he fled hither and in the bitterness of his remorse drowned himself in the lake.

Our route was over the Brünig to Interlaken. The scenery is grand but to our great disappointment it was hidden from view by the dense clouds. We first took a wide curve in the broad valley of the Allment. The houses were unlike others we have seen, being of wood and covered all over with small shingles like fish scales.

At Alpnach we saw the stout little engine tugging and puffing up Mount Pilatus.

Fine views opened up on either side; rushing rivers, dashing waterfalls, fertile valleys, quaint houses far up mountain sides, cattle grazing on luxuriant pasturage, noble forests, blue lakes, and around and about and above all, the snow-clad peaks. Before crossing the Brünig we changed to the cog engine and slowly proceeded to climb higher and higher above the picturesque Lake Lucerne, on and on, until we were three thousand feet among the clouds.

At Meiringen we were again on the surface of the earth, it seemed, and in about thirty minutes we reached Brienz, where we took the boat. It was crowded, and with luggage, and dinner being served, was not very comfortable. The Lake of Brienz is eight and three-fourth miles long, one and one fourth wide, and two thousand feet deep. It is inclosed by lofty wooded rocks and mountains. We had intended

spending several hours at Giessbach to visit the falls, but owing to the rain contented ourselves with the view from the boat, which was not very satisfying. There are seven cascades falling from rock to rock, and framed in dark green foliage. The descent is frightful.

At Botzen we again took the cars, and in about thirty minutes reached Interlaken, the paradise of summer tourists. It is, as its name indicates, "between the lakes" of Brienz and Thun. Everything in this quiet village centers about and faces the Jungfrau, with her dazzling shroud of eternal snow. The proportions of the mountain are so gigantic that the eye in vain attempts to estimate them, and distance seems annihilated by their vastness. Thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy feet high it stands, such a grand monument that any which man has reared seems like a toy beside it.

After *table d'hôte* we heard music in the drawing-room, and entering found three Tyrolese peasants in native costume entertaining the guests with songs which rippled forth like bird-notes. They were as clear and sweet as this mountain air and the women in their picturesque dresses seemed very like birds. They also performed on different instruments with great skill.

Aug. 5.—It was late when I woke, and, hurriedly dressing, hastened down to pay my respects to her royal highness, the Jungfrau. But she, too, was in no hurry to throw off her downy coverlid, and apparently did not greet the sun so enthusiastically as I. In vain I watched to catch a glimpse of her snowy

head. No young maiden could have been more coy; not until afternoon did she draw aside her veil, and then what wonders we beheld. The base of the mountain covered with a graceful white drapery—the center with fleecy clouds upon which the top rested like a celestial queen in her dazzling robes. It is thus Raphael places the Saviour in His divine Transfiguration, and many of his Madonnas, but never has anything seemed so truly the Queen of Heaven as this virgin that lifts her head amid an expanse of three hundred square miles of snow and glacier. Byron says of her:

> "And this most steep, fantastic pinnacle,
> The fretwork of some earthquake, where the clouds
> Pause to repose themselves in passing by."

Aug. 6.—The Jungfrau did not smile on us and we went away without her benediction. A short ride in the train skirting the precipitous slopes high above Lake Thun, past beautifully situated towns and in sight of the old-new everlasting hills, and we take the steamer. Lake Thun is eleven miles long and two miles broad, very deep and clear and blue. Its edges are lined with villages, picturesque chateaux and lovely villas. The Jungfrau, Matterhorn, Mönch, Eiger, Wetterhorn formed a most effective background. As we neared the village of Thun, said by Humboldt to be the most beautifully situated in Switzerland, the snow fields of the Blumlisalp came into view and at the water's edge was a handsome modern mansion. From Thun by rail to Bern, we followed the river Aare, getting fine views of the

Bernese Oberland as we entered the city of the Alps. Two stone bears perched on pillars welcomed us to the seat of the Swiss government.

Bern is situated on a peninsula. We took an hour's drive and saw the Cathedral with its remarkable portal containing bas-reliefs of the Last Judgment, Wise and Foolish Virgins, and Apostles. From the terrace we had a fine view of the old city, entire valley and Alps. There was a statue to the founder of the town, who said to his companions while hunting, "We will found a town where falls the first animal we kill, and name it for the animal." The bas-reliefs represent the bear lying on the ground. A characteristic feature of Bern is its fountains, most of them dating from the sixteenth century and adorned with curious statues. One of the ogre eating children is hideous.

At 1:45 we started in a crowded car for Lausanne. We passed through a green valley, a profound gorge, and the city of Freiburg, which contains the finest organ in Europe. A view of singular beauty was disclosed near Lausanne, embracing the greater part of Lake Geneva and the surrounding mountains. The valley of the Rhone and the Savoy mountains lay to the left, and in the foreground were numerous villages amidst vineyards.

We crossed a viaduct of nine arches and reached Lausanne just as the sun was setting. It gave the exquisite green of the lake a golden hue which was consummately beautiful.

A change of cars and a less crowded train. A delightful ride. The second station, Vevey, is one of the most fashionable and charming villages on the

lake, commanding a view of unsurpassed beauty, much written of by Rousseau. Next came "Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love," a favorite summer resort of Gambetta.

Soon the noted Castle of Chillon loomed in sight with its massive walls and towers. It stands upon an isolated rock sixty feet from shore, with which it is connected by a drawbridge. It is now a prison. Byron has invested this spot with much romance and interest:

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor its altar—for 'twas trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard!—may none these marks efface,
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

We came to the Rhone and were glad to see it dashing, rushing along. Fine wine country. Would that the product of the vine was as harmless and beautiful as the vines look, climbing up the mountain sides.

At St. Maurice, saw the most ancient abbey this side the Alps, founded in the fourth century by St. Theodore, and way up on an apparently inaccessible precipice perches a hermitage. On the right was a beautiful cascade two hundred and thirty feet high, which, white as snow, tumbled and leaped from rock to rock. Had an imposing view of Gorges du Trient. Near Martigny saw a fine old castle erected in 1260, and a beautiful sunset.

Martigny was reached at 7:00 p. m.; fine outlook from our room at hotel. Dinner and bed.

Aug 7.—Mine eyes have seen the glory of my God! From early morning, we have gone from glory unto glory until to-night I feel like exclaiming, "Lord, withhold thy grandeur and majesty, my weak humanity can endure no more." It is as if, in the earthly body, one should behold the heavenly land. It is overpowering. The culmination of all the mountains of Europe is Mont Blanc. All the others we passed led up to it as the first and lighter strains of a symphony swell into the closing burst of harmony. I shall never forget the thrill which passed through me when, from the beautiful valley, I beheld the hoary head of the kingly Alp towering above all the surrounding peaks. The sun was setting and the mountain's spotless crown sparkled and scintillated as if set with most precious jewels. Every hue of the rainbow was reflected and I veiled my eyes and wept for joy. I could have sung aloud a song of thanksgiving to the Creator who formed these mountains and valleys and holds them in the hollow of His hand. Then I thought, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" In answer, there rose before me the figure I saw upon the cross at Ober-Ammergau, and I knew that, after all, man was the supreme thought when the foundations of the hills were laid and the basins of the sea formed. While thinking thus, I looked down, and when again I raised my eyes the kindly face of the old mountain with its flowing white beard was entirely hidden from sight by a small hill under which we were passing. Then God taught me a lesson. How often we allow a small sin

to get between us and His face so that His glory is completely hidden. We may strive to get away from it, far enough to realize what joy and comfort there is in communion with the Father, and perhaps some little radiance from Him may be reflected by us, but before we realize it that little hill of selfishness, or whatever it may be, has eclipsed the Great Light and we are again in darkness.

Another thought came to me: as that little hill entirely hid the great, glorious mountain, so often we let a little fault in a grand character entirely overshadow all the noble traits.

And another: we look at the hills that shut in our little lives and interests, and care nothing for the great humanity outside, so long as our tiny pasture is green and our sheep are all sheltered.

What lessons are written in Nature's great book if we will only read them:

> "Wondrous truths and manifold as wondrous,
> God has written in the heavens and on the earth."

This has been the most wonderful day of my life. How can I find words to express all I have seen! Surely, I am finding sermons in these grand mountains, deep gorges, rushing rivers. In comfortable carriages we started for our twenty-five-mile ride. The air was almost intoxicating and I felt I could not draw deep enough breaths, and my heart sang a song of thanksgiving as I looked unto the hills "from whence cometh my help."

Our road for some time was the same as that which leads to St. Bernard and we met many priests coming,

I suppose, from that monastery. The great dogs in this region must be from that celebrated stock. Their faces express almost human intelligence, and I can easily imagine them saving travelers who have become hopelessly entangled trying to find their way over these trackless mountains. There was quite a procession of carriages filled with gay tourists, and just as we were leaving the village we met another procession. What mockery it must have seemed to those poor peasants carrying to his last resting-place one of their loved ones, to see us on our holiday. I fear they have few such in their quiet, secluded lives.

As we ascended higher and higher by zigzag turns, we had a noble survey of the Rhone valley. At our feet lay the village from which we had just come, and around were heights undiscovered to us. Soon we saw the fine Glacier du Trient, the northernmost one of the Mont Blanc range. Then the valley widened and we stopped at the village of Trient, by the side of the brawling river of the same name. We soon knew these glacier streams by their milky appearance caused by the earth flowing down with the melted ice. The road skirted gorges so deep I could not see the bottom, while on the other hand rose cliffs so high I could not see the top, and thus suspended between heaven and earth we rushed on.

We dined at Hotel de la Tête Noire and rested for two hours, then were off again. The new road led high above the dark and sombre valley and one especially narrow place was cut through the rock. It was overpoweringly magnificent. Often the mountain side would be covered with huge rocks dashed down from

above. It seemed it must have been the battle-field of the gods. Surely, none but a god could hurl those massive missiles. The river bed was full of great bowlders over which the water leaped with a hiss and a roar. The rocks were covered with moss of the most exquisite shades of green, gold and red, while over all stood the pines, straight as arrows—heaven's own soldiery. In the midst of all this abandonment of nature man had intruded; not a smooth mountain side or valley, however narrow, but he had cultivated, and the golden wheat-field, bright with poppies, was the finishing touch to this rare picture.

Among the most exquisite sights in this land of wonderful scenery are the habitations of the sturdy mountaineers as seen from some lofty peak. Their farms are as carefully kept as a private lawn, and the different colored grain-fields look like rich rugs spread over a green velvet carpet.

All the way along we saw the reapers at work. Many a Maud Müller looked after us with envious eyes; the young men and women and the middle-aged always stop their work to watch the carriage pass; often we exchange a smile and a bow, but the old women look not up. Oh, the pathos of their silent drudgery! Why should they stop to dream? Life holds no hope for them. They have passed its meridian and, with the lengthening shadows, ambition dies, and their only prayer is for a rest at sunset. Perhaps their darlings have gone out into the world from whence we come, anxious for a larger sphere than these encircling mountains afford, and are lost to them.

I longed to talk to these weary, patient hearts, and, if possible, give a word of comfort. It seemed so cruel to dash by! Lord, they will never know how I cared for them! loved them, even. I pray Thou to send a beam of sunshine into their cold lives. I have so much—if necessary, take it from mine. How this love for humanity grows within me!

"I was not ever thus,
Lead Thou me on."

Shortly after leaving the hotel we crossed the Swiss border into French Savoy. The roads, very fine before, became more excellent and the stone bridges real works of art. As we neared Chamouni the valley became broader, we heard the tinkling of cow-bells far up the mountain sides, and saw the peasants going home from their day's work in the fields. One old woman in a white cap, leading by the hand a tiny child, attracted the attention of us all. Down the mountain our road wound back and forth, just like the white ribbon candy at Gunther's.

We were eagerly watching for a first glimpse of Mont Blanc, and just at sunset we came in sight of the grand old monarch and his attendants. For the first time we were near enough to the huge ice cataracts to look into their great crystal palaces and see the streams issuing from their countless crevices.

We reached Hotel des Alps, and worn out with exaltation of spirit, I fell asleep, but first I had such a view of his majesty as made me hold my breath. All the glory of the sunset was gone, and instead of jewels of many colors, his entire head and snowy beard

was a mass of diamonds, white and clear, and reflecting what seemed must be the radiance from the very throne of heaven.

August 8.—I slept like an angel and rose feeling like one. On my way to breakfast I took a peep through the telescope in the yard at a party ascending Mont Blanc. Our host said they must have started a little after midnight. They were toiling up, all tied together with ropes. Such a trip means the labor and hardships of two years concentrated into two days, and fifty dollars.

I read in the paper of a plucky American girl who started with ten young men; when less than half way up, the "strong oaks" gave out and went back, but the "clinging vine" continued to climb, and returned the next day none the worse for wear. Tally another for the weaker sex! They have surely entered every place in the wide, round world, and that to bless and make a good record.

Inspired by all these feats, I rejected the services of a mule and guide, and pinning my dress up and grasping firmly my alpenstock started up the Montanvert (green mountain). The girls all followed, and to hear them scream and laugh was too funny. There is only a narrow bridle path cut from the rock, and on the outer edge an awful precipice. The view as we rose higher and higher was very fine; far below lay the valley, as green as an emerald, while through the center ran the river, milky white, and by its side the road like a river; behind us, was Mont Blanc, and before, the vast sea of ice forming the Mer de Glace and the Glacier des Bois.

About noon we reached the top, six thousand three hundred and three feet, and after dinner slipped and slid down the perpendicular mountain side to the ice. Steps had been cut from one frosty pyramid to another, and from the huge caverns great rivers flowed. It was very cold, and half way down I was obliged to turn back. There, in the center, was a camera. The photographer is as omnipresent now as the reporter. Up the height we scrambled, and, panting, reached the hotel. Returning on mule-back was much more dangerous than ascending, and I concluded to keep my own feet on *terra firma*, though the sturdy little animals picked their way with almost human intelligence. Miss U. joined me at the halfway house, and together we walked on, reveling in the wonderful view, stopping to pick flowers and resting on the fresh grass. I was rather lame by the end of my ten miles' tramp, but was on hand for dinner. During the service, suddenly there was a perfect rush for the window. I thought the house was on fire, but joining the crowd, and looking out, saw it was a wonderful afterglow on Mont Blanc. I can not describe it. It must be seen to be appreciated, and once seen can never be forgotten. How blessed we have been in this beautiful spot! What a royal reception this grand old monarch has given us. He is far more grand than I had anticipated, even, and that is saying much.

A good night's rest came after my happy, happy day. I could stay here for weeks and feel my soul grow. It is the cities that make me homesick.

Aug. 9.—A coach and four, filled with delightful people; roads like marble floors, air that filled one with delight, and scenery like Paradise, left nothing to be desired, as we started for Geneva. At every turn new vistas of beauty opened before us. How regretfully I left my dear Chamouni I can not tell, but I shall come again.

A four hours' ride brought us to the railroad, and by two o'clock we were in Geneva, where we received letters. I had such a lovely one from dear Mrs. Andrew and one from my beloved Miss Willard, such a sweet and tender letter as made me feel very humble and long to be better and do better.

We took a very long walk all about the city, which is charmingly situated on Lake Geneva. Here the Rhone emerges, dividing the city into two parts which are connected by eight bridges. In the midst of the stream is the little Rousseau Island with its statue and fine promenades.

Just across from our Hotel Richmond was the monument to the Duke of Brunswick, who left all his fortune, $4,000,000, to the city on condition that it erect an elegant statue to his memory. To think of one's caring to perpetuate his name in such a way! If my life is not noble enough to make my memory lasting and sweet, let it perish. I want my monument to be the lives I have blessed and brightened and made better.

Aug. 10.—A lovely, quiet Sabbath. We went to church in the little English chapel and heard a most excellent sermon on doing well the little things; there

are no small deeds with God ; it is the faithful servant who is rewarded.

We walked home together and had a pleasant talk. This is the city of Calvin, but his influence was not very manifest to-day. Everything seemed as gay as Paris, yet in the rule of the reformer no theaters or places of amusement were allowed. Calvin was as autocratic when in power as the pope and bishops had been. Voltaire also made this his home and under his lead the people seemed to forget God. From Calvin to Voltaire,—a chasm as wide as between heaven and hell.

From our balcony this eve we had another wonderful view of Mont Blanc with the afterglow. What a lesson it teaches us, to keep our heads so high in the heavens that when all around and below us is dark, our faces will still reflect the radiance from the great sun which never sets.

I had a very strange experience at *table d'hôte*. A very nice Englishman was talking to a lady across the table about places they had both visited. She chanced to ask him if he had been to Ober-Ammergau. Instantly he was on fire. "No, nor would I go and see my blessed Lord crucified anew," he replied. I remarked, "You would not feel so, if you had seen the play," whereupon he put me through a catechism that would have made Calvin ashamed, and roundly scored all of us who upheld the performance. All the while he was drinking wine and by his example upholding the custom which more than anything else hinders the coming of Christ's kingdom, for which he so earnestly prays. What charity we need!

"The Story that Transformed the World."*

FOR centuries the royal galleries of Europe have been the Mecca of the artist-world. Painters have bowed in ardent worship before the shrine of the matchless Raphael. Sculptors and builders have spent their lives trying to catch the "something" that inspired the wonder-working chisel of Michael Angelo. But what are priceless galleries but exquisitely illustrated editions of the life and passion of Jesus Christ of Galilee? What the celebrated statues and cathedrals, but the same old, old story, carved in marble and built in stone, while in snow-capped mountain and vine-clad valley, we have only the book of Nature that proclaims God's boundless love which crystallized on the cross.

It was left for the peasants of a mountain-girt hamlet among the Bavarian Alps to portray by speech and action to the Christian world this greatest of all events in the history of humanity.

All through the summer of 1890, the tide of European travel poured into that Tyrolese village, lingered

* Written after Miss Ames' return from Europe.

to listen to the story that transformed the world, and then, awed and inspired, ebbed away like clouds that melt from mountain tops.

The question that greeted us most often in hotel and railway carriage, from the day of our landing at Queenstown, was, "Have you been to Ober-Ammergau?" and the Passion Play was the universal topic of conversation. This excursion was not in the itinerary of our party, but by the time we reached Vienna and listened to a description of the wonderful performance by a Grecian count and countess, given with glistening eyes and the fervor that characterizes the dwellers in southern lands, our hearts burned within us and we said, "Surely, this is the opportunity of a lifetime, and we must not miss it."

Two days later, we were in Munich, and by eleven o'clock on Saturday, July 12, had started on our sacred pilgrimage. I felt much as I fancy the early Christians did, when on their way to the Holy Sepulchre. At two o'clock we were at Ammergau, where we found omnibuses in waiting to take us across the six miles of mountains. It was a charming ride. Up, up, ever upward, into the heights, and very appropriate it seemed that we should be ascending, nearer and nearer heaven, as we approached the scene that brought down heaven to earth. Formerly, the road was rough and perilous, but the government has spent half a million dollars constructing a broad stone highway, that winds in long spirals up the mountain side. Every step of the way is rich in legendary lore stored among the peasant population, and we longed to pause at Ettal and join the hundreds of foot-passengers in

their worship. This celebrated village is composed of half a dozen houses clustered around a great church, and what was, until 1779, when it was destroyed by fire, a fine monastery, with a library of one hundred thousand volumes. It has since been converted into a brewery and you can imagine my horror at seeing over the door, "God bless the beer of Ettal." The son of the count who started this brewery to mend his shattered fortunes, has recently married an American heiress. Let us hope her republican gold may not only gild his tarnished coronet, but also save this sacred spot from further desecration.

Many stopped to rest in the church, and worship the miracle-working, ivory Mother and Child. The story goes that the image is invisible to the very reprobate, is as heavy as lead to impenitent sinners, but as light as a feather to all who are of a contrite heart. Just beyond Ettal, under the shadow of a great peak, lies the charming chalêt of the Marquis of Bute, who has done much to inspire and foster the play.

Two or three miles farther on, we sped past the numberless little shrines with which the roadside is studded, and entered Ober-Ammergau. Viewed from above, it forms an ideal picture of an ideal village, as primitive as it was when the outside world first found —some forty years ago—this wonderful drama being enacted among the mountains. The little low stone houses, with their white walls and green window shutters, are irregularly grouped around the church, the heart of the village, and in earlier years the play was performed in its grass-grown yard. One mountain, the Kofel, black with pines, looms far above all

the surrounding peaks and guards the entrance to the valley. On its summit gleams the white cross which is the presiding genius of the place. It is the most sacred possession of these mountaineers, and with its story,—the story of the cross,—has been the formative influence of all the simple souls who at its base have lived out their quiet lives.

I was told that an enterprising New York theater manager offered the authorities an immense sum of money if they would come to our metropolis and enact the play. He promised that its settings should be of unequaled splendor, and assured them they might have twenty-five apostles, at least, if they so desired. But the villagers were unmoved by even this astonishing inducement and replied, "If you will take our dear Kofel and its sacred cross to New York, we will go, for without its benediction, we would not dare play."

Very curious were our feelings upon entering the hotel, to be conducted to our rooms by the "Apostle John." Often in our walks we encountered kings, priests and apostles, their royal robes laid aside, going about their ordinary duties, with nothing to distinguish them from the common peasant except that they had an unlooked-for dignity and grace in feature and carriage. After a most frugal supper, a friend and myself sallied forth to visit the wood-carving shops. Not knowing the way, we asked the little daughter of our landlord to direct us. As we walked along, wishing to know her name, I said, "Who are you, dear?" She replied most naturally, "I am an angel." Nothing could better illustrate the spirit of

this people. To proclaim the story of the cross is their highest ambition. Their personality is entirely merged in that of the characters they represent. They are sweet and perfectly untainted from the vulgarism of the outside world, and inspired with a high-mindedness that is delicious. This is the result of eight generations of the Christ-life and thought, and proves Oliver Wendell Holmes' saying, "If you would train a child, you must begin with his great-grandfather."

We strolled along, crossing and recrossing the rapid and crystal Ammer, that flows between and past the houses, and stopped to study the curious frescoes that adorn the dwellings of rich and poor alike. On the burgomaster's somewhat stately residence are wreaths of flowers, painted pillars and a frieze, but the favorite designs are the birth and crucifixion of our Lord.

The streets were crowded with representatives of half the nations of the earth, and peasants by the hundreds, in their picturesque costumes. Several times, as I looked into the face of some rustic maid, I thought of Wordsworth's lines,

> "The beauty born of murmuring sound
> Had passed into her face."

Two centuries of study and practice of the gospels has transformed these mountaineers, physically and morally, and elevated them far above their class. Crime is almost unknown among them, and they truly typify by their lives that which they picture on the stage.

There has never been a question of any mercenary motive in their presentation. The actors receive no remuneration save the equivalent of their day's earnings at other labor. For the Sunday representation they are not paid at all. Joseph Maier was given only two hundred dollars for his twenty-five performances last summer.

What becomes of the receipts? is asked. They are divided into four parts: One part goes to sustain the school of sculpture which has made the peasants of this region artists in wood-carving; one-fourth is devoted to improvements in the village, another to paying the expenses of the play, and a fourth is divided among the seven hundred actors.

There are records of the Miracle Play having been performed in Ober-Ammergau as early as the twelfth century, but towards the close of the sixteenth, when the Thirty Years' War raged throughout Germany, the Mystery was abandoned, for the mountains became too disturbed to permit its continuance. As one of the after-consequences of that wide-wasting war, a great pestilence broke out in the villages surrounding Ober-Ammergau. Entire communities were swept away, but Ober-Ammergau, by means of a strict quarantine, escaped, until a certain Caspar Schuchler evaded the guards and slipped into the village to see his wife and child. In two days he was dead, and in thirty-three days eighty-four of the villagers had perished. In their despair they called upon heaven, and vowed, if the plague was stayed, they would forever keep fresh in the minds of men the Lord's Passion. "From that hour," says the local chronicler, "the

sick were healed and the pestilence removed; and once in every decade since then the peasants have enacted the drama with solemn reverence and devotion." Living thus always in the white light of Christ's life, they have taken on an outward manifestation of spirituality very rare and beautiful. Hence William Stead has appropriately termed this play, "A dramatic rainbow set in the hills."

To a young priest, Daisenberger, we are indebted for the present form of the play. For thirty-five years he lived and labored in the village, directing the mental, moral and spiritual development of his parishioners. A beautiful statue has been erected to his memory. The good priest has left on record that he undertook the production of the play "for the love of my Divine Redeemer, and with only one object in view, the edification of the Christian world."

At five o'clock on Sunday morning we were awakened by the music of the band parading the streets, and the ringing of church bells, calling all to early mass. The church was crowded with worshipers, all the actors being present to receive the sacrament. By half-past eight we were in our seats in the great wooden pavilion, scarcely dignified enough to be called a theater. The stage is in exact imitation of the Greek, with the seats nearest it uncovered. It has a background of blue sky and fir-crowned hills. On an eminence to the left, in full view, is the great marble crucifix with its group of women, presented to Ober-Ammergau by King Ludwig. How often during the eight hours that I watched that supreme struggle between the human and the divine, did I lift up mine

eyes unto those peaceful pine-clad slopes and find there refreshment from the intensity of the drama!

The birds flying in and out of the rafters over our heads, often joined in the chorus with a burst of melody. Six thousand people were assembled; the Princess Beatrice and her husband occupied the royal box; bishops and archbishops, priests and peasants, high and low, all sat silent and expectant, and followed the story with eager interest. The unseen orchestra played a grand chant and there filed in from either side the stage the chorus of forty men and women, dressed in white under-tunics with gold trimmings, over which were draped bright-colored cloaks, held in place by gold cords and tassels. Each wore a crown.

To explain the tableaux with which the scenes are opened is the object of the chorus. Instead of simply giving the Gospel story as it is in the New Testament, the types, figures and prophecies of the Old Testament, which prefigure the New, are introduced. The first tableau is emblematic of the fall; the second represents the adoration of the cross.

"Hosanna to our Prince," echoes and re-echoes through the air, and a multitude pours upon the stage from all directions, bearing palm branches and worshiping Jesus, who appears in the midst of the throng riding upon an ass. John, the beloved disciple, with his spiritual face framed in long, waving locks, walks by his side. Every eye is fixed upon Joseph Maier, for in every heart there has been a half-question whether it were not sacrilegious for any human being to personate the Saviour of men; but the most reverent could not object to the holy dignity and majesty

of Maier, who for forty years has studied and personified Christ until the divine spirit seems to possess him, lifting him out of his own personality into that of his Great Master.

In the temple, when he overthrows the tables of the money-changers and drives out the merchants, there is no hint of ranting, only righteous indignation being manifest. This is thought by many to be the finest acting in the play.

After Christ has passed out with His disciples, the traders endeavor to stir up the people against Him. Then comes the typical tableau of Joseph's brothers plotting for his death, and the act gives the stormy session of the Sanhedrim, over which the Burgomaster Lang presides as high-priest, in a royal robe, which I was told cost three thousand dollars.

It is said to have been Lang's highest ambition to see his beautiful daughter enact the part of the Virgin Mother, and to this she has been trained from childhood. Three years ago she was betrothed to a worthy youth, but her father would not allow the marriage to take place until after the play, there being an unwritten law that no matron should enact that part. For the full description, I can do no better than to refer you to the article by Miss Elizabeth Bisland, in *The Cosmopolitan*, for she has portrayed the scenes much better than I can.

The wonderful scene of Christ before Pilate seemed to me peculiarly impressive. Pilate upon his judgment throne looks with a troubled, questioning expression upon Christ, standing in the calmness and majesty of His divine power, and in reply to that

grand defense, "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness of the truth," he asks the question that has echoed through the ages, "What is truth?" In Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World," the Roman ruler speaks thus to his wife:

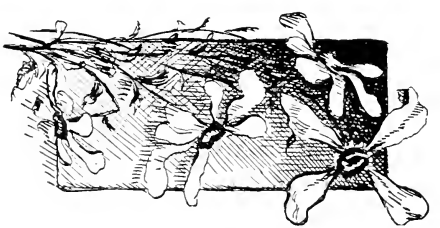
"*The pale, sweet man; the man that was 'the King,'*
* * * * * *
Always with that high look of god-like calm,
Those eyes of far perception—those mild eyes
I saw that morn in the Prætorium.
* * * * * *
As I questioned him upon these things,
And asked: 'Art thou indeed King of the Jews?'
Lo! he, with such a mien as one should have,
Wearing the purple, spake full royally,
'Aye! as thou sayest, a King!' and no word more!
Still I went on: 'Speakest thou naught to me
Whose nod can send thee hence to live or die?
Art thou King of the Jews?' And the man said,
'Yea! King! yet not of any earthly realm:
To this end was I born, and therefore came,
King of all kings, because I witness Truth.'
Then asked I: 'What is Truth?' He answered naught.
* * * * * *
And Claudia moaned: 'I, too, remember well!
I saw him from my lattice, and his eyes
Burned themselves on my heart. *Truly a King*
Of Truth—if anywhere such kingdom be.'"

Solemnly the audience melts away, the most flippant and thoughtless are awed, and for myself I can truthfully say that for days I seemed in a holy dream.

I wondered if any disbeliever in the divinity of Christ left that tragic place still unconvinced that He

who lived, and worked, and suffered, and died on earth, was the Son of God. For, after all, the greatest of miracles is that this story should have transformed the world.

A few weeks later I visited Rome, and standing in the arena of the Coliseum which has again and again been soaked with the blood of thousands of martyrs who suffered even as Christ suffered, but whose martyrdom did not save their names from the most complete oblivion, I asked, "Why, then, did the death of this one man transform the world?" All nature, and a million hearts rejoicing in the risen Saviour, answered, "*Because He was the Son of God, and for this reason came He into the world.*"



Press Work.*

ERE the wise man who said, "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws," living in this nineteenth century he would rather exclaim, "Let me control the *press* of a nation and I *will* make the laws!" so much mightier than any other influence is that of the strong, exultant, relentless press that rules human thought to-day.

The newspapers have become the very nerve-centers of our civilization, while the telegraph and cable are the nerves, extending in every direction and forming a complete network about old Mother Earth. How to secure and use this great force in our battle for "God and Home and Every Land" is a most important problem. I am convinced that we shall never come into our kingdom until we have laid under tribute the great teeming presses of the world, so that with every throb they will send out leaves which shall truly be "for the healing of the nations."

Notwithstanding all her grand achievements in literature, science, art and government, the talismanic word "Reform" has ever been woman's

*Read before the British Women's Temperance Association.

reveille, calling into action every force of her being. From the beginning, the temperance crusade has had the power of the Christ-love in it; born in the shadowy silence of the closet, itself a child of consecration and prayer; going forth to encounter opposition and hatred on the threshold of saloons and in the slums of great cities, it met with emissaries of a ruler more cruel than Herod, and eager enough to slay it at its birth. It has always been about its Father's business; it has had its days in the wilderness of temptation, and its hours on the glory-capped mount of transfiguration; it has walked many a troubled sea of opposition, and had its baptism of fire. It has literally gone about doing good in a thousand ways. It has been a blessing to little children, and is making for them straight paths through scientific knowledge and protecting laws. For the forsaken it has builded a house of refuge, and kindled new hope. It has tried to heal the sick in body and soul, seeking everywhere to drive out the demons of drink, rebuking rulers, standing ready to scourge those who for money would defile the one holy temple of the living God—the human body.

Year by year it has entered new paths as its work has broadened and deepened, until now the National society in the United States has forty-six distinct departments, each with a specialist at its head.

The Press department was the outcome of this evolution, and for several years was carried on by our talented Mrs. Esther T. Housh, of Vermont.

About 1883 we began to realize, as never before, that while our temperance lecturers were addressing

possibly one hundred thousand people a day, over fifteen thousand papers were speaking to at least fifty millions; and straightway we knocked at the doors of the editorial sanctums. They opened very slowly at first, I admit, but enough for us to enter, and there we shall remain until the public is enlightened and educated to know not that "intemperance is a great *evil*," but that alcohol is *poison*, and the liquor traffic a *crime*. When once we get that truth into the heads and hearts of the people we shall hear no more of restriction or compensation, for the cry will be, "*Extermination!*"

I shall never forget the time when first I called upon the editors of our large Chicago daily papers, to ask space in their columns to report the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. My friends were sure the doors would be shut in my face, but I had heard the "Woe is me if I do not this thing," and I knew the Lord would go before me to prepare the way, and He did. Only one editor refused my request. He said, "Temperance is *stale;* there is absolutely nothing new to be said on the subject; it is a dead issue." He has changed his mind within a few years and no doubt was as surprised to find how alive this issue is, as were those who said, "There are only a handful of temperance fanatics in Great Britain," to see the Hyde Park demonstration.

We are no longer suppliants. The question of this department, now, is how to keep possession of the goodly land upon which we have entered, and so cultivate it that it may bring forth an abundant harvest.

I do not mean that all our papers have been converted to Prohibition—far from it, I am sorry to say, for they do not always even tell the truth about it; but the general press has experienced a change of heart on the temperance question, and is willing to give both sides a hearing. If we can only let the white light of truth shine strongly enough upon the liquor traffic to disclose all its hideousness, it is doomed. The publicans realize this, and tremble before our oncoming hosts, as is shown by their interpretation of the letters W. C. T. U.—"We'll see to you." May this blessed state of agitation continue, for its end will surely be reformation.

It is the especial aim of this department to provide the general public with temperance reading matter, through the religious and secular press. This is done by means of dispatches sent out by the Associated Press, a bulletin prepared by our national superintendent, and furnished all important papers, and through our local superintendents. This National bulletin is made up of short items of news gathered from the nearly two hundred letters from all over the world, which are received daily at Miss Willard's home and at the Chicago headquarters.

To me, the most interesting officers on board the steamer which brought us to your beautiful land, were those who day and night walked the bridge, glass in hand, and with their trained eyes swept the great ocean to note every change, and warn of any danger. Thus it is intended that our national press superintendent shall stand on the temperance watch-tower and report every movement of the great ship,

Prohibition, which is so grandly making the desired haven.

Wm. T. Stead has truly said, "We dwell in the midst of a chaos of philanthropies." What we need is a center where the experience of all shall be stored so as to be accessible for the guidance of each. Thus our Press department is a sort of intelligence office for all those engaged in the battle for humanity. Whether or not it may realize the poet's idea and be

> "A *great voice* heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
> By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong,
> Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake
> Huge echoes,"

depends upon those who represent it, and for that reason this department demands our choicest workers. We have many women who could not speak in public, but who are to-day voicing the culture and training of years and making our manifold phases of work known to the entire world. When I say "our," I mean the work of temperance women in *every* land, for blessedly has the World's Union bound us all together.

It is not that we may receive the praises of men that we want our organization reported, but that our influence may spread, and "an arrest of thought" come to the thousands who would never attend a temperance lecture or read a temperance paper. That our "people perish for lack of knowledge" is true even in this age of books and papers—at least, for the right kind of knowledge. And if *we* are to supply it on the temperance question we must do so

through the newspapers, which enter every home. A business man who has never heard of the W. C. T. U. reads in his morning paper that the corner-stone of a Temperance Temple, a building which is to cost over two hundred thousand pounds, will be laid July 4th, and he naturally wants to know more of an association that can erect such a structure on the finest site in Chicago. He becomes acquainted with our missions and ere-long is, perhaps, one of our most cordial supporters.

Nothing could more forcibly impress one with the absurdity of the Compensation Clauses as a temperance measure, than the paragraph in Lady Henry Somerset's grand address before your May meeting, in which she proved that it would take three hundred and fifty years to reduce the public houses in the United Kingdom to one in every six hundred of the population. Upon several occasions when in conversation with gentlemen who were trying to convince me that this measure would very quickly do away with public houses, I have quoted this fact, and they were so astonished that they had nothing more to say. I wish this paragraph, and others from the same address, might have appeared in every paper in Great Britain a month ago.

A physician may be led to investigate the subject of non-alcoholic medication by reading that the death-rate in temperance hospitals is only one-half that in hospitals where alcohol is used. Or, pondering on the causes of decease, he may see the significance in the fact that the breweries of England set free twenty-five million gallons of carbonic acid gas a year, which

science teaches him is a deadly poison to the human system.

A few personal items are a relief from hard facts and statistics—such, for instance, as "Thirty thousand copies of Mrs. Pearsall Smith's 'Christian Secret of a Happy Life' were sold last year." I wish the following items might appear again and again, in letters of blood in every paper in England, Germany and America, until Christians would realize how worse than useless it is to send missionaries and rum in the same vessel to heathen lands:

"Not long ago a steamer left Boston, having on board four missionaries and forty thousand gallons of rum."

"Bishop William Taylor, just home from Africa for a short visit, said in an address, on Sunday, May 4th, among other startling facts regarding the liquor traffic in the Dark Continent: 'Hamburg alone sends out by its English and German steamers, annually, two hundred thousand tons of rum and gin,—not gallons—not barrels—but *tons*.'"

I could multiply items endlessly, but I simply want to show the nature of those given in our bulletin. Short quotations from the writings of prominent men and women are also admitted, while the latest news from our round-the-world-missionaries and reports of the work in far-off lands, read like fairy tales.

All other departments are largely dependent upon the Press department for their presentation before the public, and they afford an almost exhaustless supply of facts, the publication of which is of the utmost importance to our own members as well as of general

interest. At our last annual convention each superintendent prepared a résumé of the work of the year, which was printed, and a copy given to each of the reporters that for five days sat in our sessions; these greatly aided them in making up their reports.

A temperance column in every paper published in this land would mean the enlightenment of the people in every city, town and village, and, if faithfully conducted, would bring magnificent results. How do your twenty-five thousand members who do not take the *British Women's Temperance Journal* keep in touch with your leaders?

Oh, I wish temperance women everywhere would claim the press for God, and demand that it raise its standard until its aim be so to tell the story of to-day as to make the world *better* to-morrow.

We shall reach this height. I trust we may before the swinging doors of the twentieth century are opened wide, for then "the women who publish the tidings [will be] a great host."

Woman's Signal Service.*

ESS than twenty years ago, the United States Weather Bureau organized its system of stations upon the highest peaks of observation, whence the Storm King and his furious host might be hailed while yet afar off. Farmers consult the oracles before putting in the sickle, and mariners before weighing anchor.

Meteorology is a modern science, but the Divine Signal Service is as old as Eden. In the midst of the Garden, the Tree of Life reared its flaming top and bore its fruit labeled, "Eat not, lest ye die." But the warning was unheeded, and while the stars yet sang their Hallelujah Chorus, woman and man went down together on the reef of appetite, and the shock of the fall still vibrates through humanity. Woman's Signal Service began when Eve repeated the God-given warning to the tempting serpent, though herself overtaken by the cloud-burst she had foretold.

Tracing the path of Scriptural record, we find woman often the chosen instrument of God. All the mountain-tops of history are aflame with her watch-

* Given in response to a toast at a gathering of the editors of the religious papers of Chicago. The names of the papers represented are woven into the last paragraph.

fires. Miriam, the inspired singer, led the host of Israel. Deborah, beautiful in character and noble in life,—the one righteous judge in that long record of four hundred years,—well knew when the hour for victory had come in God's time, though neither spear nor shield was seen among the forty thousand of Israel, and challenged her cowardly countrymen to arise and lead their captivity captive.

Coming down the centuries, we pause before that name at whose mention all bend the knee, because it represents woman's crowning glory, motherhood. Almost nineteen hundred years ago to-night—blessed night for woman—the brightest signal that ever flashed upon the waiting and perishing world, shone out above the Judean plain, not red with warning, but white with hope, and all the earth joined the heavenly chorus as it caught the watchword on its shining folds, "On earth peace, good will to men."

I have sometimes thought that Christ's coming meant more to woman than to man; his life was always forceful and fruitful, hers limited and meager, until the Sun of Righteousness shone out. But since she received her first commission from Christ Himself, as the messenger of the resurrection, she has gone on her brightening path of service.

> "Not she with traitorous lip the Master stung;
> Not she denied Him with a liar's tongue;
> She, when apostles fled, had power to brave,—
> Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

Bright amid the darkness of those days when might made right, stands Clothilda, whose form is

emblazoned beside that of Clovis in commemoration of his conversion and baptism, not only in the records of history, but on the walls of the Parisian Pantheon.

In our own proud city a million hands are beckoning to the *World's Fair*, eager to pay homage to her in the light of whose jewels a continent was discovered, and the vision of Columbus became a glorious reality.

Elizabeth's reign stands out as distinctly Christian, though

> "Here trace we a crooked line,
> There find we a blotted leaf."

Was not that a Signal Service which for fifty years fostered the flickering spark of learning and fanned it into a flame that lighted anew the world's torch of knowledge?

These and many other women form beacon-lights at far intervals along the shores of time, but not until the Victorian age were the women who published the glad tidings a "*great* host."

It was reserved for America to develop the rarest excellence of woman in the exercise of the largest and truest liberty the world has ever known. The stream of influences spreading over Christian civilization set steadily womanward from the first, but it remained for the "golden century" to see its women so filled with these high influences that there came an overflow of good will to men that has swept the wide earth over. The woman nature and the mother nature, open always to the highest and best in teach-

ing and in practice, became the grand channel through which the Christ-love flowed out to all mankind.

When the mother-heart heard the wail of the thousands of mothers in bondage, she sent out such an exceeding bitter cry that a nation sprang to arms, and singing,

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on,"

the Lord came down against the mighty and the fetters of a race were broken.

The Sanitary Commission first called into concerted action the women of our nation. Then woman laid her cool, soothing hands on war's fevered brow, and lifting the banner of the Red Cross she entered the council chamber, and lo! around its friendly board the fate of nations is decided.

Then her heart was stirred for those living in darkness and sin, and in almost every church in the land the altar fires were lighted, and the richest sacrifices laid thereon. Were the noble daring and devotion of the many royal women who are sent out by our great missionary societies, both Home and Foreign, to light the signal-fires wherever souls are in danger, heralded, as is that of our great explorers, an admiring world would hail them with such acclaims as not even a Stanley or a Kennan can ever inspire.

In the atmospheric world, as everywhere in nature, all things tend to equilibrium; consequently,

when the moral atmosphere is high, as in that bright chain of redeemed states stretching from British Columbia to Texas, and low, as in high license Illinois and Pennsylvania, there is sure to be a storm; and woman, from her signal station, sweeps the horizon and warns of all dangers that threaten her kingdom. And well she knows where to locate the storm center. It is where the forces that carry the white banner of Prohibition encounter the hosts of darkness.

A million watchful eyes are scanning the heavens to-night eager to catch sight of that white flag, and read its message, "The Morning Cometh." They turn to our *Watchman* and question, "What is the forecast for 'woman's century'?" and from her lofty eminence the sentinel notes the rising of the silver thread in the barometer of vital forces, and the ebbing of the wind current, and replies, "The white *Standard* is afloat. Every indication is, that there will be perfect weather throughout our *Interior*, especially in the great *Northwestern* region. Every *Christian Worker* is at his post. The *Living Church* is consumed with zeal. Our *Oracle* has spoken. The *Universal* opinion is that we shall be *Free* from every yoke, and *Advance* from conquest to conquest. Our *Signal*, uplifted and upheld by prayer, floats over all, true to its motto, 'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.'"

Love's Greeting.*

SHOULD you ask me whence these jewels,
Whence these rocks so pure and crystal,
I should answer, I should tell you:
"From the world's most sacred treasures,
From the great shrines of the ages."
Should you ask me why this gathering,
Why these lovers, friends and neighbors
Have assembled here together,
I should answer, I should tell you:
"They have come to pledge their fealty
To the loved Queen of the Nation,
To the noblest among women."
They would rear a cairn of friendship,
Of rare gems and gold would build it,
Thus to typify most fitly,
That of which herself is builded.
Like a diamond pure her soul is,
Which reflects the light of Heaven;

* Read at the cairn-building on Miss Willard's birthday, September 28, 1891. Miss Ames laughingly said that she would make her "greeting" extravagant enough to satisfy the most devoted admirer of her she loved so well.

And her heart is like a ruby,
Burning with a love all Christ-like;
Like unto a brilliant sapphire
Is her mind, so keen and sparkling,
And like strings of pearls, pure-perfect,
Are the words of wondrous wisdom
She doth speak unto her people.

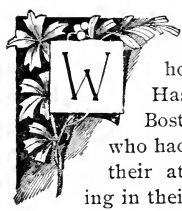
Best Beloved, we do hail thee;
Long may thy mild reign continue,
Late may'st thou return to heaven,
There to shine the brightest jewel
In our Father's crown immortal.

"Requiem aeternam ei, Domine, dona."

(Rest eternal give to her, O Lord.)

Memorial Services.

BOSTON.



HEN the released spirit had gone home to God, Doctors Caroline A. Hastings and Julia M. Plummer, of Boston, both devoted white-ribboners, who had been not only most assiduous in their attendance as physicians, but loving in their sympathy as sisters, opened their beautiful home on Huntington avenue, Boston, for the brief and simple funeral services which were held on the morning of Dec. 13, 1891. Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon offered prayer and made the address. Mrs. Alice J. Harris, the sweet singer of the World's W. C. T. U., whose beautiful voice and devoted spirit had been an inspiration to Miss Ames so recently in the great convention, sang some of the hymns to which Miss Ames had often referred in her three weeks' illness. One of these was Cardinal Newman's exquisite "Lead, Kindly Light," and another, "The Victory Song of the W. C. T. U.," a jubilant note of triumph. White-ribboners of Boston were present, filling the parlors.

EVANSTON—REST COTTAGE.

When all was over, Miss Helen Hood and Miss Bessie Gordon started together for the West, accompanying all that was mortal of their beloved white-ribbon comrade. When the hearse and carriages arrived at Rest Cottage in the gray evening, it was illuminated in every part, and as the casket was brought into the home Yolande loved so well, a wreath of flowers was hung at the front door, tied with white ribbon, and with no reminders of the immemorial mourning color that has so long belied our Christian faith.

The casket stood in the bay-window of the middle room, which was transformed into a bower of beauty by wreathed smilax and exquisite flowers. At the head and foot stood palms, emblems of victory; the casket was banked in flowers, sent by loving friends so widely scattered as to speak of a love well-nigh universal. Upon it rested the offerings of Rest Cottage friends, of her co-editors, of the Central Union, and of Mrs. Carse, an exquisite tribute with the words, "My Yolande." In front, the great cross of lilies from Lady Somerset leaned against the casket; near by, stood the large floral scroll, appropriate testimonial of the love borne her by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, bearing in purple letters on the white ground, "Bereaved; W. T. P. A." A great bunch of roses spoke the affection of the compositors who set the type for Miss Ames' departments in *The Union Signal*. A Maltese cross of white, with the purple letters, "I. H. N.," came from the King's

Daughters at the publishing house, whose president she had been, and scores of other offerings made beautiful the place of her rest.

White-ribboners of Chicago, including the entire editorial staff of *The Union Signal*, Mrs. T. B. Carse and the Executive Committee of the Chicago Central Union, Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, Miss Esther Pugh, and many others, were present by the impulse of a common sorrow. The W. C. T. U. of Evanston had been specially invited, and the service was wholly in the hands of the women who had long been Miss Ames' most intimate friends and associates. It was unique, but homelike and sweet beyond expression. We could not help thinking that if she herself had arranged it, not one detail would have been changed. Its beauty would have delighted her artistic soul, its tender homeliness satisfied her loving heart. Miss West read from Yolande's Bible, favorite and comforting passages that were marked in the owner's familiar hand. Standing with her hand upon the casket, Mrs. Carse poured forth a prayer in which faith triumphed over grief, and praise was blended with petitions for strength to bear this crushing blow. "In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages," was sung, and Miss Willard, with emotion which she found it almost impossible to suppress, spoke as follows:

Many years ago I used to sit watching a famous statue in the Vatican representing Antinous, the beautiful youth, of whom critics say his head bent because it was heavy with unshed tears. Tears lay very near the surface with Yolande; yet smiles were nearest of all.

Somehow, as I think about her, how she loved us, and how we loved her, it seems as if gravitation sets toward yonder coffin, and it could n't be other than beautiful to die—since Yolande died. She was so homelike, she was so human, she was so delightful every way. I asked several different women of ours, who knew her well, to tell me in a word how they would characterize her. One said, "You know she was so handsome." Another said, "She was the soul of winsomeness." Another said, "I should call her gracious." And one who had known her in the house these years, said, "I should sum it all up in the word lovableness." I told Miss West some of these characterizations a few minutes ago, and she said, "I should say Yolande was *genuine*." It is greater to be genuine than anything else. It requires a certain mental poise, a certain level-headedness to be true, clear-grained, grain of the wood polished by God's providence, and no veneering about it. Yolande was genuine. You could tie to her. What she said, rang out like a gold coin on the counter. She was steadfast and deep-natured as the tides of the sea. She was loyal and faithful. She loved her home. I have in mind a picture of each of her relatives, though I saw but little of them. I know what sort of people they are, and we have the highest opinion of them from what Yolande said. I think she was her father's own daughter; she was in his image and superscription. He is a great, broad character, tolerant, not a bit afraid of the next thing; born free, as Paul says. Yolande was tender, devoted toward her mother, her sisters, and to her little

nephews and nieces, and to all at home. I know she had lofty ideals about what a home should be.

She believed in one standard for men and women. She believed in the utmost purity and clarity of habitude in the conduct of life. She was a loyal friend to men, sisterly, kindly, with no little meanness of remark about them, only a great sisterly heart that, because she loved her own brothers, and was proud of them, would reach out to everybody's brothers to help make their lives pure and good, knowing the greater temptations that they have to surmount. Perhaps it was that, made her a temperance woman. Of course she had always been one by habit. But I mean this made her a worker along with us, a beautiful, sunny young recruit that came with us who had borne many years of the burden and heat of the day, caught the step of the veterans, and kept time to the company's music.

She was a radical in a good sense. She believed in prohibition, in its most pronounced and largest fulfillment.

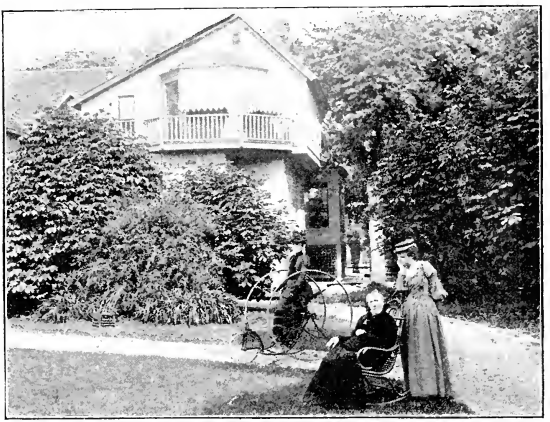
She believed in women, and that the world would be better, and happier, and richer when men and women had more interests in common, more occupations in common, and when the great heart of home went out into the world, since the homeless world had needed it so long.

She looked up so much into heaven that I think maybe she was a little weaned from this world, for in the sky there are two hundred million stars. I think she was smitten in her soul with the thirst for immortality. And after all, beloved friends, there is nothing

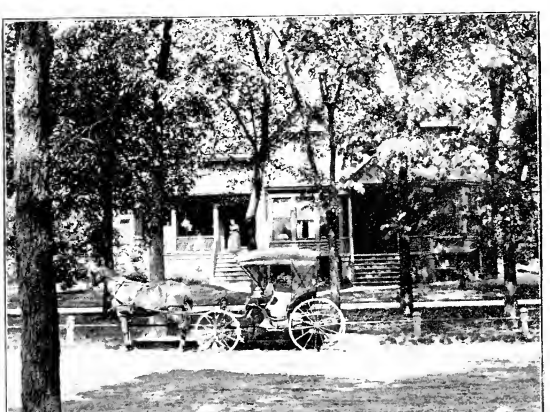
else worth living for. If we are not immortal, if there is not a great, free life as noble as the aspirations of our hearts, as wondrous as the marvel of our brain, as mighty as the faith that fastens itself on God, then we are the greatest mockery that has been let loose to be tormented by the highest aspiration.

To-night, the lines radiating from that coffin are lines of love and inspiration that go to the uttermost parts of the earth, and what we read in the Chicago headlines, "*Miss Ames is dead*," will be translated into forty languages and repeated in every nation of the earth. Some bright journalist in the city said, "Yolande, gifted, envied, honored, revered, beloved, and dead at thirty." It has been given to no other woman in America at that age to have made such a record, and we white-ribboners know that she was just upon the threshold. We felt her strength. I used to say to her, "When I am old and tremulous and can't work any more, you will be in journalistic life, my strong staff, Yolande, and my beautiful rod." I never was so grieved as that she has gone, since my sister Mary went. We have stayed a little longer. She has gone on along the beckoning vista. We stay to put up the blinds, and fasten the door of this frail, earthly cottage and shall follow on after her. Who can tell how soon?

But there was one who in all these years stood by, and having done all, stood, and was with her when Yolande said last Friday night, "I am slipping over the brink." Helen L. Hood has been nearer to our promoted one than anybody else, and her faithfulness is beyond all praise, not only in this crisis but



REST COTTAGE—REAR VIEW



REST COTTAGE—FRONT VIEW.

all the way along. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, I do not feel they are divided in the death of one of them, but that in a deeper and a more enduring sense they are together, one now the guardian angel of her who, with her greater strength, guarded so faithfully her younger comrade along these earthly paths. The evening brings all home. You and I, beloved, have just a little longer. God help us, by our memory of this sweet, sisterly life, so modest and so strong, to be ourselves more mellow-hearted toward each other and toward everybody.

You have been down by this great lake of ours and seen how the ship goes out and out, and sinks and sinks, and after a while the white sail is seen no more, and you say to yourself, "It is gone." But no, it is not gone. That good ship had a captain, and there was a hand upon the helm. They did not notice that vanishing, artificial horizon; that was simply the place where your sight failed. And so the beautiful life barque of our Yolande speeds on over the rippling seas of eternity. The Captain of our salvation gives the orders, the steady hand of her own consecrated will is on the helm, and the sea was never so fair, and the sky was never so bright for her as now. So let us comfort one another with these words, and be glad of immortality, and of all those who have loved it, as all great souls have done. And let us wait like a sentry on duty, listening for the word of command in this brief, earthly battle, that we may become skilled soldiers in the great unseen battle of the forces of good, when, with no weariness following our work, we are God's true, bright mes-

sengers to the suffering and bewildered of this world, "for are they not all ministering spirits?"

And so I say, Good-bye, my child, with your fair, full brow, and your gracious, kind hand. I have called you my child many a time with a love as great as mothers feel. Good-bye, my comrade, faithful, loyal, true. Good-bye, my fellow soldier, who marched with us and grew weary on the way. You will see us some day, shouldering up the heights of immortality. How glad your face will be! And, after my sister Mary, among all women that have gone, I shall look first for Yolande; and we will meet her, you and I and all of us, "we'll meet her in the morning." Good friend, great heart, gallant leader, hail, and farewell!

At the close of the service, all rose, joined hands, and sang, "Blest be the tie that binds," then Miss Willard called on her mother to close with the benediction. The dear old lady, who sat at the foot of the coffin, rose, and going to its head, leaning over and looking into the sweet face, said, "Our beloved Yolande, in whatsoever land thou art, the Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace. And may that peace be with us all, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Thus ended this sweet, beautiful service, which lifted the aching hearts out of the sorrow of parting, into the very peace of God which passeth all understanding.

The next morning at seven o'clock, a few friends gathered at Rest Cottage, where Rev. H. A. Delano offered prayer. As the coffin was borne out from the door they sang, softly, "God be with you till we meet again."

STREATOR.—SERMON BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Text: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." *

Beloved and bereft ones, neighbors and friends:

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

A handsome girl of twenty-two, softly struck harmonious chords of the piano in our quiet parlor, and in her rich, contralto voice, sang these sweet words by Frances Ridley Havergal. Soon a deeper voice joined hers, and her generous, faithful friend, Helen L. Hood, sang with our Julia Ames the whole hymn through. This was music we were sure to hear at Rest Cottage every Sunday for six serene and blessed years, now sorrowfully ended. Going to Chicago early every morning, and coming home weary every night, these two had little time for singing, but their pleasant voices were sure to be heard on Sunday—often early in the morning—and our beautiful praise and prayer service in the evening, of which they were central figures, lingers in my memory like the chimes of tuneful bells. Without attempting any analysis or

* The asterisks denote omission of passages given elsewhere in the book.

exegesis of my text, I shall endeavor to present an illustration of its fulfillment in the life and character of my beloved younger sister, Julia Ames.

St. Augustine said: "Thou hast made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." As the bird must have the air, as the fish must have the sea, or else they can not live, so our bright, genial, great-hearted Yolande knew that her soul could live only in God.

The blank pages of her Bible are nearly covered with extracts that reveal in fresh, unhackneyed ways, her memory of her Creator. These are among them:

"Say *yes* to God, that's consecration.

HANNAH WHITALL SMITH."

Rest Cottage, Aug. 29, 1886.

"Be ambitiously, positively, eagerly good, and eternity shall yet open around you as the only sufficient field for such a life as yours. PHILLIPS BROOKS."

"Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly; do it as it presents itself: *do it at the moment* and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it be known and acknowledged, or not, *but do not fail to do it.*"

"All before us lies the way; give the past unto the wind"

"He who desires perfection, and has begun the struggle which is never to be given up until he has won perfection—he has already the power of perfection in his heart."

And this, from Robert Browning, also shows that wistfulness of nature known only to the nearest and most comprehending among her vast and varied circle of friends:

"The high that proved too high,
The heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the earth
To lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God
By the lover and the bard ;
Enough that He heard it once,
We shall hear it by and by ! "

Emerson says there is no meeting so high as of two in one thought. With Miss Ames I constantly shared this experience, for we both greatly loved to give and take in the good things of the spirit. Times without number she sought my study (the quiet, upstairs "Den," forever dearer now because so much she loved it), and with that bright, arch look of hers, said: "I saved this to read to you." Perhaps it was a bit of verse from a newspaper corner, perhaps a noble poem from *The Century* or *The Atlantic*, perhaps a great speech pregnant with hopes for dear humanity ; a sermon by some God-smitten man or woman ; a character-study by some skilled word-painter, who caught on the canvas of sympathy a great soul's lineaments. She was a devoted lover of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, and was better versed in their writings than those of any other immortals. One of her latest favorites was Lucy Larcom's little book, entitled "As It Is in Heaven," in which, best of all, she loved the chapter called "The Threefold Cord." A few sentences will reveal much of her heart :

No two imperfect beings can form a perfect friendship. But let them be united in the love of another, a perfect Being—there is but One such—and their friendship is firm as eternity.

All love is of God. Every true friend is a glimpse of God. The affection that leaves Him out, loses its divinest sweetness.

No friend is truly known or loved until loved and known in God.

The threefold cord has not shown its strength until it has wound itself around the great, lonely heart of humanity, binding it to each separate heart, and drawing all together upward and homeward.

The love that enlargeth not its borders, that is not ever spreading and including and deepening, will contract, shrivel, die. That we are the sons and daughters of God, born from His heart, the outcoming offspring of His love, is a bond closer than all other bonds in one.

In God alone can man meet man.

We all belong to each other, but friendship is the especial accord of one life with a kindred life.

We tremble at the threshold of any new friendship with awe, and wonder and fear, lest it should not be real; or, believing that it is, lest we should prove ourselves unworthy of this solemn and holy contract of life with life, of soul with soul. We can not live unworthy lives in the constant presence of noble beings to whom we belong, who believe that we are at least endeavoring after nobleness.

Who can question the personal being of God, when the most heavenly minded persons we know are only great and beautiful to us because they always suggest the presence of some One greater and purer, and more beautiful than themselves—some kinder person who is their inspiration—to whom their whole beings bow in allegiance?

We say there are no separations in heaven; neither are there in the heavenly places of earth.

The loftiest test of friendship—understood as companionship—is the power to do without it. We do not yield the friendship, but we must again and again forego the companionship.

The best proof of our love for a large, unselfish nature, is that we are growing larger and more unselfish ourselves.

Miss Ames was a notable admirer. She loved to praise; she walked through her beautiful years like Aurora, with the sunny hours for her maids of honor.

Her letters from Europe are of no common order. Her exalted spirit echoed the inspiring words, "Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

Miss Ames was born with her face to the future. New departures did not frighten her. She was a stalwart, and fought on the picket line of progress. She took each incoming billow of the great tides on the tempestuous ocean of reform, as a strong swimmer takes the waves.

She was a woman of unbounded steadfastness. I have personally known but one other who seemed to me her equal in this rarest and most royal quality. She had an anchored nature; when she loved, she loved; when she gave a promise, she kept it; when she made up her mind, it was made up. Her perception of character was intuitive, friendly and final. Perhaps this integrity of intellect and intense, intrinsic loyalty of heart made her too severe upon those wayward, average mortals who "continue not in one stay." Some would call this a fault, but that it was among her highest virtues others would maintain. The other fault was that our dear one did not take care of her health. Like most young women of abounding vitality, she seemed unconscious of her limitations in respect to physical endurance. Others, she thought, must be careful to wear overshoes, but not she; others must not sit up late, but she could burn the midnight oil; others must wrap up well when they went out, but she "could stand any kind of weather"; others must be careful about their diet, but she could eat all things with impunity. Some of us think that if she had been as wise in her precau-

tions here as she was in all things else, her home and the great cause that had her utmost homage would not have lost so early this incomparable ally.

She worked too hard, for she was one of those who could "toil terribly"; all of us in Rest (less) Cottage are busy folk, but we stop with the darkness—and Yolande went on. She said her "bright hours were her dark ones."

Like the rest of our white-ribbon leaders, Miss Ames had little opportunity to meet her friends save in the work itself. Social to a degree unknown but to the most richly endowed natures, she fed her great heart from the springs of loving comradeship in daily work.

* * * * * *

I do not believe a being lives who ever saw her without pleasure, or who did not wish her well, and her kindness to the lower orders of creation merited for her the beautiful compliment paid to the Southern politician, Alexander Stephens, by his colored valet, who said:

"Mas'r Alick's as kind to dogs as most folks is to men!"

She could no more come into a room and not be noticed than could the sunshine or a full-blown rose.

We all perceived that she was growing daily to be a great soul. Such must have humor no less than pathos, power balanced by repose. Such must not have petty ways; must not "take umbrage," nor make an issue over trifles. They must let every clock tick on until it has ticked out, and themselves only chime the full, sweet hours, with voices musical and

soothing. They must have a divine, not a human curiosity, never resting until they have traced their principles back to the heart of God. They must have a divine, not a human discontent; a wistfulness that finds its rest alone in Christ and His gospel. All this we, her fond elders, saw was coming to Yolande Ames. She was steadily taking on soul. Some natures only absorb and others only radiate—hers did both. What she got she gave. More and more, as the years passed, it became her delight to do for other people. At first, I did not see this trait so strongly, but in the last years I have thought her well described by those rare lines in which James Russell Lowell celebrates the woman he loved best:

> "She doeth little kindnesses
> That most leave undone or despise,
> And naught that sets one heart at ease,
> Or giveth happiness or peace,
> Is low esteemèd in her eyes.
> And deeds of week-day holiness
> Glide from her, noiseless as the snow,
> Nor hath she ever chanced to know
> That aught were easier than to bless"

Take an illustration given by one of her sister editors. Their offices were near, but their work altogether separate. One day last summer Julia went to her, and, standing by her desk, said: "We all lead lives so busy here that I have thought we often fail to speak the good we think, and I just came in to-day to say '*I love you.*'"

"In all her relations to the publishing house," says one of its workers, "I am impressed with

her pervasiveness. I mean that *everybody* loved her."

Humanly speaking, women may congratulate themselves that they have been the most potent force in the development of her harmonious character.

Mrs. L. H. Plumb, vice-president of one of Streator's leading banks, was the crusade leader in Yolande's native town, and though the latter was but fourteen years old, and a student in the high school, she found time to help her brave friend to the utmost in that great movement.

Prof. Susan Fry, who had the Chair of English Literature in Illinois Wesleyan University, more than any other, aroused the aspiration and moulded the taste of this remarkable young woman.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew, that fine spirit touched to the finest issues, with whom she was closely associated in editorial work, the two coming and going together daily on the suburban trains between Chicago and Evanston, was a wonderfully close friend, who spurred the young journalist to her more than level best.

My mother's life and character stood for much in summing up the culture of these last six years. Her own daughter could not have been more loyal to this revered household saint than were the two friends, Helen and Yolande.

The self-less life of Anna Gordon, with its unobtrusive but unceasing commentary on the Golden Rule, could by no means be lost on a nature so impressionable and eager for the best in character and life.

The Bible Readings of Miss Elizabeth Scovel made a profound impression on Miss Ames, and deepened her spirituality in a marked degree.

Many a time has she said to me in the last years, with the most thoughtful look I ever saw in that most thoughtful face, "If I live, I shall some day be an evangelist; God is sending me His call," and I was wont to answer: "My own deepest desire is the same. Perhaps, when the Hall opens in the Temple, and there are daily evangelistic services, we shall both give ourselves up to that blessed vocation."

Then her full-orbed smile showed how her heart loved this beautiful and sacred hope.

"Tell me my faults," was a phrase ever upon Yolande's lips. "I would weed out my vocabulary as men weed out a flower garden; I will not be the bondslave of bad grammar, incorrect pronunciation, underdone manners or any other evil, for that would spoil the vines of my culture—for these vines have tender grapes." Thus was she wont to speak. Although she had graduated from the high school, taken a goodly portion of the college course at Bloomington and the diploma of the Chicago School of Oratory, Miss Ames had a very humble opinion of her acquisitions. It was perhaps because she was great-natured enough to have had a glimpse of what Socrates meant when he said to his pupils: "There is but one difference between us; you who know nothing imagine yourselves wise, but I, being ignorant, am aware of it."

In view of the fact that such a standard historic work as "Hallam's Middle Ages," is said to have

not fewer than three hundred errors in grammar, and that hardly a distinguished man or woman goes through an address without a misquotation or a mispronunciation, it does no injustice to the rare opportunities enjoyed by Miss Ames as a student, to emphasize her special studies in English. The desk at which I sit in the friendly "Den" at home, which was Yolande's best-loved retreat, has many a cabalistic sign that stood to us as token of mutual efforts at improvement in many ways. She was a joyous, whole-hearted companion, throwing her abounding spirits into every undertaking, whether it were a pronouncing match, or a bicycle lesson; a meeting of our Rest Cottage Club, "The Optimists," or the "working up" of a symposium for *The Union Signal*.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Carse, Miss West and I met Miss Ames at the Lake Bluff convention in 1885. We urged her to "come awa'" from further years of self-culture and to give her young energies to the good cause that she had loved from childhood and in whose crusade Pentecost, her first baptism of service had come.

She attended our National W. C. T. U. convention in Philadelphia that autumn,—and the friendship which there sprang up between herself and Miss Hood clinched the nail of a sure purpose already driven by conscience and conviction. Six superb years of service followed. First of all, Yolande became local superintendent of Press Work for Chicago, opening to us the columns of the great

newspapers as if by magic; then she was made National Superintendent, and her systematic plans radiated out over the whole great field; then "the powers that be" saw in her a born journalist of the managerial order, and she was made assistant on *The Union Signal* staff; later, she assumed the duties of editor-in-chief for well-nigh a year (1889-90), since which time she has been co-editor of our official organ. Her wide outlook, her journalistic prescience, her systematic ways, discriminating taste, considerate style of speech and correspondence, strong, winsome ways, won for the paper a host of friends and helped to build for it firmer foundations. In 1889 Miss Ames went with Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, by appointment of the National W. C. T. U., as fraternal delegate to the annual May meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association. She there won all hearts by her genial strength of intellect and sympathy. The address made by her on "How to Reach the Press," led the newly-elected president, Lady Henry Somerset, whose vivid and orderly mind perceived its value, to arrange for a Press department for Great Britain. A strong and tender comradeship developed between these two bright young spirits, resulting in an invitation on Lady Henry's part to Miss Ames to visit her at Eastnor Castle. When Lady Henry and Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith arrived in New York City in October last, Miss Ames and Anna Gordon met them at the wharf. A meeting was arranged in Washington, chiefly by Miss Ames, and proved to be a great event, as it was the closing evening of the Ecumenical Council, which adjourned in

time to give the Metropolitan Church for an address by our distinguished guest.

Coming home, Miss Ames threw herself with ardor into preparations for the World's and National conventions at Boston, November 10–18. As National Press Superintendent, to which office she was again elected by the Atlanta convention of 1890, she brought out a tasteful illustrated volume of a hundred pages, entitled "Thumb-nail Sketches of White Ribboners," for the use of the press in writing up the convention. She was taken ill the first week in November, and her nearest friends did their best to dissuade her from going to Boston, but she thought she should soon be better, hoped that change of air and scene might prove to be just what she needed. Arriving November 9th, she went through the World's convention in Faneuil Hall, helpful to the last degree in her editorial duties and as a "general utility" member of the management. She was chosen chairman of the Committee on Courtesies, upon which she had served to charming acceptance at the Atlanta gathering, and her last public work was making out a list of all the World's and Fraternal delegates and distinguished visitors, on the first day of the convention. I remember how she marshaled that long line of remarkable men and women, presenting them to me with so much intelligence, clearness and dispatch, that without loss of time or any break in the proceedings, I was able in turn to present them to the great audience.

She was ill, then, but her indomitable purpose and enthusiasm carried her forward — alas! too

bravely. Great-hearted friend, she so loved Lady Henry Somerset and me that she thought she must be present when our beloved guest gave the annual sermon on Sunday to the overwhelming crowd at Tremont Temple. She was ill all day Monday, but she insisted on going to the banquet to three thousand guests in Music Hall, because we were both to respond to toasts. At midnight she went home terribly ill. The next morning Miss Hood carried her to the Boston Homeopathic Hospital by order of her physician, Dr. Caroline Hastings, one of the most skillful practitioners in that city of distinguished women physicians.

Here, on the following Sunday, I saw her for the last time. In a large, sunny, southeast room, with pictures, flowers and pleasant looks of home, I found her with that most generous and faithful of all friends, Miss Hood; beside her, Dr. Hastings and her partner, Dr. Julia M. Plummer, in attendance, and a winsome Scotch lassie for her trained nurse.

I had been to lunch with the people's poet-laureate, John Greenleaf Whittier, and brought back to Julia some fruit and a lovely book by him. She looked very ill, I thought. "Doctor, this fever swoops down on me like a cyclone," she said, pitifully. I smoothed the broad, full brow and said, "We are all praying for you, my child." "The fever makes me live in a world by myself," she murmured. "I seem to be speaking to you from a distance." "Yes I know what that is," I answered, "for the only settled illness of my life was typhoid fever when I was nineteen, but I've

been better and stronger ever since, as I hope you will be." She smiled faintly and said, "Tell your dear mother I ask her to pray for me," and added with that curiously characteristic nod of the head, "*and she'll do it, too, I know.*"

I knelt beside her, holding that dear, loyal hand that had brought me only blessings, and prayed for her with all my heart. Rising to go, I said, "It is so safe to leave ourselves with God," and pictured to her what I hoped would be the home-coming to Rest Cottage, so dearly loved by her, and the evening talks and studies in the "Den." And so, smiling into her beautiful face, now swollen and flushed with fever, and with a tugging of the heart that I dared not reveal, I passed out of our beloved Yolande's sight, her kind eyes fixed on me and her deep voice slowly saying, "I can't bear to see you going away from me, Chieftain."

Fourteen days they watched her there, those skilled physicians, and loving friends. She talked of the scenes that she knew best and latest; in intervals of clearer understanding she sang, "Lead, Kindly Light" and the matchless "Victory" that had so thrilled our hearts in the convention, with other hymns she loved. She talked of Christ and His great power. She suffered little pain and was perfectly patient and lovable, as always. The fever began to fall away; our letters were full of hope; they thought they would return to us by the New Year. But after twenty-seven days in the hospital, about ten o'clock on Friday night, December 11, the fatal hemorrhage set in and three hours later she

Frances E. Willard.

sank to rest after saying wearily to her physicians, "I feel my feet slipping over the brink," and when our devoted Helen Hood knelt beside her saying, "Yolande, is n't it all victory through Christ?" looking at her with eternity's great sunrise smile upon the face we all so loved.

Happy the father and mother of such a child; happy the brothers and sisters who have her memory for their richest heritage, and the little children of their households who found in their joyous "Aunt Jule" such a playfellow and friend.

She was a cosmopolitan in sympathy and culture, a Methodist in creed, a loyal disciple of Christ, a loving sister to

> "The great humanity that beats
> Its life along the stony streets."

* * * * * *

In August last, by my invitation, confirmed by the National W. C. T. U., Miss Ames went with me as fraternal delegate to the twenty-first annual meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society. We made the overtures and our brothers and sisters received us with the utmost consideration and good will. The bright presence and womanly sweetness of Yolande lent a charm to our embassy and did not a little to help make it the great success it was.

A young Catholic journalist in Boston who was present at the simple service conducted by our beloved Dr. Gordon, in Dr. Hastings' home, was so impressed by that calm young face in the coffin, that

she said, "I'm going straight to church to have a mass said for the repose of her sweet soul."

The white-ribbon woman who is janitor of the People's Church in Boston, and who was doorkeeper at our late convention, took off her badge and tied it on the wooden box that contained Julia's casket as it stood on the platform ready for the western train.

Lady Henry Somerset, who knows the world's greatest and best, loved her so much that she offered to cancel all her engagements and go to the hospital to take care of her.

Nobody does things like these, except for love, and no heart draws out love save one that gives it in unstinted measure.

Streator sent forth to the world this gifted girl who in six years achieved in character and work what might well have claimed half a century, and promised, had she lived so long, a goodness and a greatness unexcelled by any woman of her time. If you have others like her, the world's heartaches will be helped by them. May the heavenly inspirations of this golden winter day, of this hallowed service, of that eloquent coffin, stir some youthful heart to strive for the impossible best, and the unattainable perfect, as gloriously as did she who plumed her flight, five days ago, for her native climate of heaven. The night before she died she said to Helen Hood (as she had done before), "Please raise the curtain, I want to look at Christ." There on the front of a great church, flooded by moonlight, stood Thorwaldsen's statue of the Master. Long and silently she gazed, while her consecrated soul was

lifted up to Him who said: "He that believeth on me shall never taste of death." Oh, that Christ may be to every one of us as from her earliest childhood He was to her, the sole star of our destiny.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was present at the funeral of Miss Ames, and made an impassioned address which she was asked to write out, but she replied, "It came of its own free will, and it is gone forever." She told what she knew of the noble purpose that guided the active intellect now translated from this world. She declared that her young friend was a stalwart of the stalwarts; that her devotion to the great work of temperance and woman was sublime, and that the results which followed her efforts would forever be a stimulus to the temperance workers who are to come after her. She said if she could put to her lips the trumpet of the immortals, she would waft to our beloved Yolande the words, "Thou hast triumphed gloriously."

Tributes.

[The following are selected from the many tributes sent by loving friends. Lack of space forbids the publication of all, but they are treasured with tender appreciation by those who received them.—ED.]

BON VOYAGE.

IN the early spring of 1890 Miss Willard wrote, "Miss Ames is going to Europe on a vacation this summer. If we can arrange for her to leave here in May, how would you like to have her for a companion and sister-delegate to the annual meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association?" adding, "You know what a test to friendship a foreign trip is." The reply that immediately arose in my heart and was forwarded without delay, was this, "Delighted with the prospect of such a pleasant companion. Do plan, if possible, for Miss Ames to sail with me May 7."

At this time my acquaintance with Miss Ames was very slight. We had only met at National conventions, where there had never been opportunity for more than a passing word; but I knew from

her genial smile and gracious bearing that I had nothing to fear and much to enjoy in the close association anticipated. And I was not disappointed. Of the many special blessings that attended my summer abroad, I count the voyage across the Atlantic, the visit to England, Scotland and Ireland in company with Miss Ames, among the chiefest. To think over our experiences, and the happy hours spent together, is like taking down a treasured volume filled with precious sentiments and graphic illustrations. My journal and home letters contain many allusions to the name of "Yolande," and are filled with incidents which came to us during the first weeks spent in Great Britain, and the last week, when we were there together.

Miss Ames' high standard for herself in speaking and writing seemed to prevent her from even making an attempt; with a musical, cultured voice, and natural gifts as a writer, it was almost impossible to induce her to speak in public or even to write a paper. Knowing her capability I felt an intense desire that she should present to our British sisters the plan of Press Work which had been so largely her own in this country, and which she had so faithfully put into practice. She also felt that there was a need and an opening for some work in this line, but it was only after the utmost persuasion that she was prevailed upon to prepare and read the "Paper on Press Work" at the Conference of the British Women's Temperance Association held at the Headquarters, Farringdon Street Hall, June 26. I quote the following from a home letter:

"Met 'Yolande' at the Hall at three; Lady Henry Somerset presided. We were so glad to see her again. Hannah W. Smith was also there with her cordial words and dear, good face. Miss Ames' excellent paper was well received, and the discussion afterwards showed real interest, which resulted in appointing Mrs. Ward-Poole Superintendent of Press Work. This was just what Miss Ames wanted. I was so glad I had insisted on Yolande's paper coming first; after it, followed the hour given to Young Women's Work, and it was announced that Lady Henry had accepted the Superintendency. All seemed satisfied with the Conference, for which we felt relieved and thankful."

Immediately following this meeting Miss Ames left London to join Mrs. Willard's party for the journey on the continent and we did not meet until the last of August, in Paris; we were together again in London before sailing, when one of the happy events was the visit to the home of Wm. T. Stead, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, at Wimbledon. Miss Ames, through a long editorial correspondence with Mr. Stead, had come to know him quite well, and seemed to revel in the congenial atmosphere of his pleasant English home. She paid kindliest attention to Mrs. Stead, whom she likened to a sweet English violet, she swung with the children in the swing suspended from a grand old oak in the garden, and laughed over the stuffed, muzzled lion which would still roar, that had been presented to Mr. Stead by the employés of the *Pall Mall Gazette* when he was in prison. I like to think of how radiant she

was that evening, and how intensely interested in Mr. Stead's book on Ober-Ammergau, and in his plans for bringing out the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*.

It is impossible to suppress the thought or the question that arises, as to what her young life might have been, what heights she might have attained had God seen fit to perfect the life here. The half-blown fragrant rose was gathered before it could be blighted, or fade, or wither. We must rejoice in its promise, and rest satisfied that its unfolding was in the hands of the Heavenly Husbandman.

In an old cemetery at Baden-Baden there is a beautiful monument to Queen Victoria's half sister, the Princess Hohenlohe. It was designed by one of her sons, and consists of a high, white marble cross, against which leans a lovely female figure in an attitude of repose that would suggest sorrow; but the fine face turned heavenward seems illuminated, and as one gazes admiringly the interpretation comes. It is the representation of Eternal Hope.

Such, now, it seems to me, must be the countenance of our translated friend; the brief journey of life is over, like the summer vacation across the seas, and there in the safe harbor she watches for the white sails of the coming fleet, which one by one enter the port after a *bon voyage*.

New York City. FRANCES J. BARNES.

No truer word did Miss Willard speak than when she said of Yolande, "Her thirst for knowledge was

only excelled by her thirst for goodness." No one knew this better than I, for how often did she pour out to me her wishes, her aspirations toward the highest ideals, and beg me to aid her in the things in which she thought me able to give her help.

She now sees "face to face." How well I remember two years ago, when, in conversation concerning the holiest spiritual things, she cried, out of her inmost longing, "*Would that I could have one glimpse of Jesus!*" She has known long since the blessedness of realizing the promise, "They shall see His face." What must this be to her! Hundreds of memories crowd upon me to-day of her goodness, gentleness, thoughtfulness for others, affection, eager aspiration, and spirituality. Hour after hour these beautiful remembrances have trooped by me to-day in endless procession, like angelic visitants. She had the deepest conviction that she was destined to die young, and often spoke of this to me, always adding, "I have no dread of death whatever, and it does not trouble me in the least to know that my earthly life will be short." At one time she spoke to me of dreaming that a voice said to her in clear, solemn tones, over and over, "*Eternity!* ETERNITY!" And when she told me, she said, "It means what I have often told you." For days after this she said to me, every now and then, "Mrs. Andrew, I hear that word reverberating in my ears, and waking my whole soul to be *ready*." I saw the word written on the backs of envelopes and slips of paper on her desk several times during this period, and was thrilled at the sight, for it

showed me how her whole thought and even her unconscious action were filled by it.

ELIZABETH WHEELER ANDREW.

Calcutta, India.

It will be a long time before we cease to miss her smiling face and her almost invariable greeting as she came into the composing-room: "Well, how is everything?"

MRS. A. E. PRATT.
(Make-up of *The Union Signal*.)

I like best to remember Julia Ames in her hours of recreation. Had such hours been less rare the golden bowl might not so soon have been broken.

Natures like hers do not long endure in the treadmill of business, where duty requires conformity to the plummet and line of regular hours and measured production. Theirs are better gifts and higher talent than can be put to use in any "office"—save the tender offices of home, whose warmth is their native air, where they unfold beauty in the sunshine of love, bending to every breeze of joy, and giving out the balm of unselfishness to make all around them happier and holier. Such women are cut closest to God's pattern of womanhood, and so I fill to the brim the largest cup of praise in saying, "Miss Ames was a sweet home woman!"

Numerous temperance pilgrims, visiting the shrine of their national paper—*The Union Signal*—immediately recognized her social talent and marked her as hostess. She was too genial ever to have a "busy

day," and so it came to pass that copy and proof pressed upon the hours when others ate and slept. Luncheon at her desk, with a sandwich in one hand and a "galley proof" in the other, was so frequent as almost to be the rule. I tried to be a sort of Fresh Air Mission to her, and when I succeeded in coaxing her away for a little while was richly repaid, for she was charming to rest with.

My part of this composite photograph shall be a glimpse of her in one of these outings. It was the occasion of unveiling General Grant's monument in Lincoln Park, October 7, 1891. The Army of the Tennessee and the Grand Army of other states were in the city. Street-cars of every kind had been taken off to give right of way to the procession, while the sidewalks teemed with non-military folk. Into this hot tide of hero-worshipers we plunged, feeling ourselves part of it. After "marching with the procession" half a mile, we turned into a shop owned by a German friend of ours, to see the pageant pass. There, like school-girls, we stood upon chairs just outside the door, eating apples offered by our generous host—exchanging thought and word as the human kaleidoscope went by. In such a scene the little touches that make us all akin are numberless, and she was alive to all. One feature of the parade was a brigade of policemen, eight hundred strong, nearly every man leveling up to the stature of six feet. As they passed she spoke her sympathy with my work for drinking men in Bethesda Mission, and said: "I have always thought that some time I shall do something of that kind, and I want it to be for

policemen" ; and as we talked, I learned it was an idea she had long cherished.

Miss Ames looked upon that day as a forecast of the great days of the World's Fair, in which she was much interested. This was her opportunity to speak of what she had previously hinted, as a "pet scheme" to be unfolded as soon as we could talk it over ; so she told me her desire that I should be World's Fair correspondent for *The Union Signal*, which she believed could do nothing better for its twin causes, temperance and women, than to give large space to the great world's tournament of industry. "I am a perfect enthusiast about the opportunities there will be for doing temperance work and helping women," she said. She had bought two large scrap-books, expecting to fill them with current matter, in order to have such a history of the development of the Columbian Exposition as could only be obtained from the flash light observations of newspaper correspondents at every stage.

Passing a confectionery shop on our return, she announced with merry twinkle of eyes and twist of mouth, "I'm going to treat. What will you have?" That was the last of sweets together. I never again saw her "with shoulder-straps off," until I looked upon the still, white coat of mail laid aside by the gentle warrior as she entered the heavenly ranks, to march by higher harmony to greater victory than is known to earthly soldiers of the cross.

BESSIE V. CUSHMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Ofttimes along the "many years" have I been called upon to lay away the young and lovely of my own family, and to offer sympathy to others in like bereavement. Now I come softly with dear white-ribbon sisters, to lay a fresh garland of love and tender admiration upon the memory of our own precious Julia Ames.

To me she was an inspiration: her face so attractive, her form so assuring of health and success in all undertakings, and the sweet fragrance of her affectionate nature so touching, that memory calls up most readily each incident of past association with her, each new token of affection and respect, each generous action.

So much has been said and written that it only remains for me to say—*I* sorely miss her—for even her business notes, (often much hurried) were fragrant with the sweet kindness of her heart and I always felt happier for having received them. I thank the dear Father for the blessed privilege of meeting "Julia" in Boston at our grand convention, for the loving interchange of thought, and for sympathetic relation of past experiences; for the precious opportunity of sending the dear sufferer a fragrant token of my overflowing heart-sympathy, when she was no longer able to see me.

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above,—
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!"

ELIZA J. THOMPSON.

Hillsboro, Ohio.

Just a few weeks ago we came with our tears and our lilies and roses, hyacinths and violets, a tribute to the lovable girl who had been so suddenly called from us. That she "was not," was all we realized that day; we could not comprehend the great blank in our circle, the great void in our hearts.

We were just facing that question of the ages, asked anew by her little nephew, "Mamma, what did God take out of Auntie Du and take up to heaven?"

To-day we come with the tribute of the bay leaf and the palm branch, and "pansies for thoughts,"—the appreciation for a beautiful life and the incentive to other girls to make their lives felt. We know better to-day what we have lost, and with sore and burdened hearts tell where we miss her, that others may take heart. I think of my first meeting with her, and how, in my jealousy for our beloved *Union Signal*, I watched her to see whether behind that young, bright, beautiful face there was power for her responsible position. Just one little remark, casually made, set me at rest and I saw the hands were strong enough for the burden. She was that rare character, a born editor. A fine writer, she always shrank from writing, leaving it to older, more experienced pens; but her keen discrimination, her sound judgment and her strong good sense, gave quick insight into the suitabilities of material; and her unfailing sunny temper and kindly courtesy made it impossible for an author to resist her appeals for some specialty which she discerned was needed.

Untiring, indefatigable, conscientious, her constant aim was to make of her part in *The Union Signal* all that was needed for its grand constituency, ever to lift it to the highest planes and the broadest outlook, and she always walked with clearest integrity and highest sense of honor.

But those of us who lived nearest her, love best the home and social side, the quick flash of wit, the thousand and one expressions of constant affection, the little "domesticities" which could be accorded to such a busy life. From these, I can not lift the veil; the memories are too tender, the sense that in these places she is ever beyond our ken and call, gives such a heartache that I can not tell of them. She enriched all lives that she touched. How much this is to say of a life which went out in the early morning, with all the dew and freshness of her girlhood upon it! The years of my friendship and love shall be laid away in the lavender of those things which I desire to keep forever, to which I turn for comfort and hope in weariness and disappointment.

Her Christian faith was always reverent, hopeful and deeply rooted—the daily walk, the marked Bible evidence this. To the natural, most attractive endowments was added the crowning glory of life early dedicated to Christ, and thus the years so few were rounded up to completion, and the cycle so soon run, filled the measure that for so many requires far greater span. She realized "all things are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."

ESTHER PUGH.

Evanston, Ill.

HIS MEANING.

What could it mean? On the joy of our day
This swift gloom of night!
Can He mean us to work, or to think or to pray,
With her face *out of sight?*

Had He need of an angel, gracious and fair,
To wait near heaven's door,
To welcome the pilgrims entering there?
Ah, we needed her more!

What NEED in a land of such blessed release
From all sorrow and ache,
Of the voice and the touch that were comfort and peace
To hearts here that break?

Could it be that up yonder, the souls true and strong,
Their earth conflicts o'er—
Caught the thrill from afar of our battle with wrong,
And longed to know more?

Could it be that those angelic forces of God,
Aye seeking new grace,
Could be stirred by her tale of the ways we had trod,
And the light in her face?

And throbbing and thrilling with news of our strife
For the tempted and lost,
Would rally all powers of the heavenly life
To help our "great host"?

God knows! If upon us fell power from on high
To strive and to pray,

If, each even, the banner we fling to the sky
Marked a conquering day—

It forces unseen and divine held us up
When strength was nigh spent,
Our lips would find sweet e'en the dregs of this cup—
We should know what He meant.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

New York City.

I think Miss Ames, as she passed away, must have been in some such frame of mind as the good Quaker woman, who being asked if she had made her peace with her Maker, replied: "I am not aware that there has been any trouble." Goodness was her normal state, or, at least, a state in which she luxuriated, as a tropical plant luxuriates, all the year round. She was the embodiment of so many moral graces that she seemed the queen and priestess of grace itself. And now that she has become a "partaker of the inheritance" reserved for such as she, it seems not irreverent or sentimental to think and say—though our eyes are not permitted to see it—"How well the halo becomes her."

It was my privilege for a period of several years to meet her almost daily. The details of work in the publication house with which we were both associated, frequently brought us together. Her executive skill and able judgment, often in matters for which experience had not trained her, were a continual surprise to me. I think she was a journalist by instinct. Her equanimity was a perpetual marvel,

her courteousness a constant charm. Courage and sincerity went before her, gentleness and cheerfulness were ever her handmaids, and in their train were patience, unselfishness and humility—

> "Humility, that low, sweet root
> From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

These are the things I remember of Miss Ames—these and her friendship, which all who shared will cherish as a gleam of sunshine, the memory of which

> "Brightens o'er the past,
> As when the sun, concealed
> Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
> Shines on a distant field."

MATHER DEAN KIMBALL.

Ravenswood, Ill.

I had been a neighbor of the Ames family for some years, but not particularly acquainted with Julia, till, in the latter part of the seventies, a "temperance wave" struck Streator, bringing in its wake a great amount of work for a few people. I was at that time president of the district W. C. T. U., and, as a consequence, much of that work came to me. Why I chose Julia Ames, a school-girl, for my helper, I can not tell, unless (as I think) I was divinely led. The result showed that to be the case, for never worker had a more efficient and trusty helper. What Julia Ames agreed to do was done, if it were among the possibilities, and sometimes more was accomplished than seemed possible. I remember saying to

her, "It would be an improvement if there could be a piano in the hall where the meetings are to be held," but I added, "It is no use thinking of such a thing; it is raining, and we could get no one to move a piano for us to-day." The evening came and the piano was there; on my asking Julia about it, she said, with one of those lovely, arch smiles so well known to her friends, "Oh, I managed it." I coveted Julia for the W. C. T. U. work, and it was a proud and happy day for me when she came into the place for which the Lord designed her, and I easily predicted for her a long, brilliant and useful career in this field so much to her liking.

But death came, and we feel that he loves, indeed, "a shining mark." We know the Lord had some great design in thus cutting short a work which we thought had but just begun, but it is hard to say, "Thy will be done."

MRS. L. H. PLUMB.

Streator, Ill.

COMRADES TWO.*

We stood in an eloquent silence,
These holiest days,
When thoughts of the Christ have been woven
In sweetest of lays;
We came where the years were dividing
The new and the old,
And pausing 'twixt grave-heap and garland,

* Mrs. S. J. C. Downs, President of New Jersey W. C. T. U., passed to "the life beyond," November 10, 1892.

We counted the gold
Of sands that for joy or for sorrow
Move on where awaiteth the morrow,
With story untold.

All songs have seemed far in the stillness,
Like strain of a lute
That trembles alone o'er the waters
When voices are mute ;
But years that divide do not move us
To sharpness of pain,
So little they seem, with their burden
Of losses and gain,
When souls have come near the immortals,
And treading the edge of life's portals,
Been thrilled with their strain.

We heard in the circle of silence,
The falling of tears,
Have scented the fragrance of roses
Love brought to a bier ;
Have listened while low, tender voices,
Half under their breath,
Were speaking of farewells and partings—
And talking of death.
But out from a glory supernal
There thrilled a great voice,—" Life eternal
I give them," it saith.

One life was a sheaf at its ripeness,
Of goldenest grain,
Its wealth had the glory of sunlight,
And sobbing of rain ;

Ah! who shall dispute with the Master
For whom it was grown,
That now in its day of completeness
He gathers His own?
Or who to earth's duty and sadness
Would call the great soul from the gladness
That heaven makes known?

One life was a flower prophetic,
Aglow with the June;
Why tarried it not for the fruitage,
But faded so soon?
Ah! who shall declare in what region
Should come to its best
The soul that so utterly loving
Is utterly blest?
Or who, in these days of bereaving,
Would break by a sob of our grieving,
Ineffable rest?

Ah, comrades! we stand in the silence,
Homesick for a day.
But how can our anguish be bitter?
We follow that way.
Let us lift up our hearts, our beloved
Love on as of yore;
Who knows but in stress of the battle
They haste to the fore?
"Then onward, ye brave," to the duty;
Not far, with the King in His beauty,
We greet them once more.

MARY T. LATHRAP

Jackson, Mich.

When Miss Ames died, there went back to God a soul as sweet as a singing thrush. The world for many of us will be a little lonelier and a little chillier for her going, but, after all, it is blessed to think how early she finished the journey, and how while yet the sunshine lay upon its sails she turned the prow of her swift boat heavenward and homeward. Many of those who loved the true heart that has left us, know something of the tender friendship that knit the soul of Julia Ames to that of her faithful friend who watched her night and day through the last bitter illness, brought her back across the stretch of dreary country that lay between the eastern sea and her western home, sat close to the coffin while it lay in the little parlor at Rest Cottage during those never-to-be-forgotten memorial services, and only turned back to her work, and resumed its burden, when the grave had forever closed over the bright and beautiful face of the sister of her soul. It is not often that two women love each other with the large and perfect love that existed between Miss Hood and Miss Ames, and in the future whenever a tear is dropped to the memory of one, another tear will fall for the other, whose steadfast soul will never cease its mourning while it lingers on these earthly shores.

MRS. M. E. HOLDEN.
("AMBER.")

Chicago, Ill.

I sit here at my study desk paralyzed and dazed at it all. I can not write any more on my notes for Sunday's sermon, for thinking about it. Julia Ames:

I did not know her as I know some of you, but somehow it does seem *personal.* It seems like a sister gone. I only met her in that serene and sacred land of friendly conventionality where in daily sympathy and in pursuits beneficent, we of the despised set of radicals, met; but I caught an inspiration of her pure soul, majestic mentality and her womanly grace. She had natural ability, dignity, tenderness, yet resolution indomitable. There are many great ones nowadays. Had she lived earlier she would have stood without a peer among many hundreds of her sisterhood. As it is, she was nobly fashioned, cultured of our God, and developed into something resplendent as well as lovely. One man, in addition to all men and women in whose hearts she had place, shall bear this speedy testimony, namely, to the great and full-orbed influence for purity and goodness and strength coming into his life from her. Her great magnanimity, her large intelligence, her steadfast dutifulness, her royalty of *womanhood* my whole heart felt. I can not make her dead. I can not associate paleness with that glowing face.

> "I can not think she wished so soon to die,
> With all her senses full of eager heat,
> And the bright years that stood expectant by
> To buckle their winged sandals on her feet."

My wife and I, tearfully, lovingly, bear you all in our hearts and prayers.

HENRY A. DELANO.

Evanston, Ill.

At the time Miss Ames passed to the higher life I was too ill to pen the deep sorrow with which I read the announcement of your loss.

Our loss, I may say, for I, too, loved her truly and counted her as friend.

Only once did we meet. It was in New York, the day before she sailed for England. It was a sweet meeting—one I shall never forget. Nor shall I ever lose the charm of her sincere, enthusiastic nature. It was felt in all the many notes and letters she sent me, even to the last, written shortly before the Boston convention.

Brave, lovely, brief young life! In it were compressed the work, the thought, the development of threescore and ten! It is not ended, it is only begun. Here, where she still lives and loves and labors, her work gloriously goes on.

HESTER M. POOLE.

New York City.

HER LAST DAY.

> And with the dawn those angel faces smile
> That I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
> —*Cardinal Newman.*

That day in its wonderful splendor of light
  Grew fairer as onward it rolled;
It dawned in a glory of sapphire and rose,
  It died in a glory of gold.

We spoke much of life, of its promises fair,
  Its sweetness, its sorrows, its fear,
Of its work to be done, of its burdens to bear,
  And we dreamed not *one* Presence drew near,—

We dreamed not there waited, unseen by our eyes,
The angel to lead her away;
Unguessed was that Presence, unheard the replies
That thrilled through the air of that day.

And still all that wonderful glory of light
Enchanted the fast gliding hours,
And an undefined prescience touched her with its spell
While the sunshine lay low on the flowers,—

And the angels whose faces had smiled from the dawn
Drew near her with beckoning hand;
One look, one last word, and with "Victory gained"—
She had gone to the Wonderful Land.

LILIAN WHITING

Boston, Mass.

My heartfelt sympathy goes out to you all at "Rest Cottage" in the loss of the rare, beautiful soul; life was so young, so full, so inspiring with promise for Yolande. My eyes rest upon the little volume, "The Diary of an Old Soul," by George Macdonald, a book given me by her, and I read this therein:

> "All things seem rushing straight into the dark!
> But the dark still is God."

That was Yolande's beautiful faith, I know. It takes the rarest heroism to attain to it.

RENA A. MICHAELS.

Albion, Mich.

I write to say how deeply I sympathize with you in the death of one whose life is a *national* loss. Some day you can say,

"Well done of God to halve the lot
And give her all the sweetness,
To us the empty room and cot,
To her the heaven's completeness."

SALLIE F. CHAPIN.

Charleston, S. C.

I know you are full of sorrow for the loss of your noble, loving friend, your rare Julia Ames. She came to me in Washington to arrange a meeting for Lady Henry Somerset. I recognized at once how dear and brave, how single-hearted and devoted she was. Later on, I had a glimpse of what a noble, earnest mind, gentle nature, and exquisite, generous character was hers. * * * How wonderful that the moment that brought Lady Henry Somerset into your life should have taken that brave, bright, loving one beyond.

OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD.

Washington, D. C.

It was not until I came home that I heard of the loss you sustained in the death of Miss Ames, but I feel as did Miss West—she is *promoted*. Though we lose her, in some ways suffer by the loss, yet we should rather rejoice than grieve. You who knew her so well, loved her so truly, as your tributes testify, can but feel glad she received, if here from human hearts, how much more so from our Father in

heaven: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Ah! happy, truly happy "Yolande."

MRS. SALLIE A. MOORE.
(Third Vice-President, Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.)

I deeply condole with you on the loss of Miss Ames to your work on the earth. Has she not now made a journey far more agreeable to her than any other she might make? I am very truly,

JOSEPH P. EGAN.
St. Teresa's Church, Tarrytown, New York.

Permit me to offer a few words of condolence and sympathy in your bereavement. I had watched with most friendly interest for every item of news about Miss Ames' condition, and was gratified to read in *The Signal*, on Saturday last, that her friends might welcome her home on Christmas. I was shocked therefore, on reading the notice of her death in yesterday's papers. *Requiem aeternam ei, Domine, dona.* May she celebrate Christmas in Heaven!

(Father) J. M. CLEARY.
Kenosha, Wis.

She seemed almost a personal friend, her cordial words being a pleasant feature of my work for *The Union Signal*, and I send this word of sympathy for the many who will miss her.

HELEN CAMPBELL.
New York City.

My heart has been full of sympathy with you in this grievous loss. It is one that can not be easily made up. I wrote Mr. Stead about it, and he wrote in reply that he felt he had lost his best friend in America.

HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.

London, Eng.

MY DEAR MISS WILLARD:

I am desired by the Executive Committee to convey to you their deep sympathy in the loss you have sustained through the death of your loving co-worker, Miss Julia A. Ames. It is a strange Providence that robs us of our dearest ones—those whom we think the world most needs to add purity of thought. We can not see through God's great plan at the time He makes His programs, but we can acknowledge that as He gave to the world these beautiful flowers, He has a perfect right to call them back to Himself when He has need of them.

We all learned to love the noble and gifted white-ribboner, when she was in England, hence we can feel what is your irreparable loss.

Yours in deep sympathy,

JESSIE A. FOWLER.

(Hon. Secretary British Women's Temperance Association.)

To me, far away from the blessed activities of your great labors, the death of Miss Ames is peculiarly sad. I felt drawn to her directly I saw her, when she was in England. She inspired me—and I felt my heart go out instinctively to her in *trust*. To

look into her face was to believe in her. Oh, these heart-hurts—how many we seem to get as we go along; but are they not the glories of the warfare?

I have been looking over the few letters it was my great pleasure to receive from Miss Ames about the Press Work for England; from one I copy the following paragraph which reveals the charm of that twofold side of human nature which in Miss Ames was so graphically marked—the mystical, art-loving, imaginative side, and the splendidly practical, consistent adherence to duty:

"As I write, my thoughts go back to the delightful afternoon I spent with you in the Doré Gallery. How I would love to see those wonderful pictures again! One especially haunts me, the young monk seated at the organ gazing at the shadowy image of his lost love. But I must not allow my thoughts to wander in dreamland, while so many real duties demand attention. God bless you!

With many fond remembrances,
Ever yours,
JULIA A. AMES."

What would she desire more than that the thought of her, and the voice that yet speaketh, should urge others to rouse them from the too self-centered mood which means inertia, and lead them to glorify the common duties of daily life, by performing them in the spirit of their most beautiful and Heaven-inspired ideals?

May the strength of the Lord God be yours in much power, for the battles that remain, and His

Spirit quicken the zeal of all your loving followers, is the heartfelt prayer of

Yours most faithfully,

MARY ALLARD POOLE.
(Press Supt. B. W. T. A.)

DEAR *Union Signal:*

Like the news of the death of a dear friend came the mourning borders of your issue of December 17. I knew not Miss Ames in the flesh, though it was one of my hopes that during a possible visit to America some day, I might learn to know her. From the few communications that had passed between us, I had come to cherish association with her, even at this distance, as a privilege, and to look upon her as a personal friend. I grieve with her friends and associates, yet I join with them in the belief that "He doeth all things well."

HENRY J. OSBORNE.

London, Eng.

Resolutions.

As a perpetual memorial of Miss Julia A. Ames, whose bright young life has so recently gone from our midst, we recommend that December 12th be observed, from year to year, by all Y. W. C. T. Unions, by holding a special meeting to be called the "Press Memorial," when plans for influencing the secular and religious press for temperance shall be devised and set in motion, that by this means the

National Department, which our dear friend and co-worker had so much at heart, and for which she labored so earnestly, may be continued with renewed interest and vigor.

FRANCES J. BARNES.
(World's and National Superintendent Young Women's Work.)
MRS. F. S. EVANS.
(Department Secretary.)

The General Officers of the National W. C. T. U. sorrowfully record their sense of the great loss that has come to the organization in the untimely death of Miss Julia A. Ames, one of the editors of our official organ, *The Union Signal.*

Miss Ames had walked with us six years, and though the youngest of our leaders, we may reverently say that "her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace." To a noble presence, she united a mind and heart as noble, an enthusiasm of humanity born in her soul from love and loyalty to Christ, and a patient continuance in well-doing worthy of all praise. We trusted even more than we admired her, and we loved her most of all. Her life and character so early matured will be a precious legacy to us, her elder sisters, and to the great society that had realized so much and hoped for so much more from her beautiful powers.

We send our tender sympathies to her bereft parents, brothers and sisters, and all her large circle of loving relatives; to all her comrades and associates in the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association,

and the Illinois and Chicago Central W. C. T. U.; to the family at Rest Cottage, to whom she had grown to be like a daughter beloved; and to that faithful and nearest friend, Miss Helen L. Hood, whose great and loyal heart sheltered her even until life's most mystic and solemn hour, when, with the words, "Yolande, is n't it Christ and victory?" and the radiant, responsive smile of heaven upon the face of her we loved, the two comrades parted company until the resurrection morning.

[Signed]

FRANCES E. WILLARD,
CAROLINE B. BUELL,
MARY A. WOODBRIDGE,
L. M. N. STEVENS,
ESTHER PUGH.

The general officers of the World's W. C. T. U. record with profound sorrow the loss of one whose presence at their first convention so recently held, was one of its brightest inspirations. Miss Julia Ames was loved and admired, not only by her American sisters, but she won the hearts of England's women during her brief sojourn in that country, and across the water many loyal souls will echo the voice of mourning which is heard in this land. Her rare talent and her great gifts had earned her a place of almost unprecedented importance for one so young; but of her it may well be said: "The best of any life escapes record; its fragrance and beauty and song, its joy and its pathos are too evanescent for memorial."

We do not understand the reason why our Heavenly Father deemed it to be well that she should be sent as our World's delegate to the "land that is very far off"; we only know the Master had need of her and that as her life was consecrated to His service, so it may be He had work that we know not of for her to do. On her the choice has fallen, and we who sorrow, yet for her rejoice, echo the words of one to whom it has been given to see much of the mystery beyond, and say with Hannah Whitall Smith, "*Happy Yolande.*" Our deepest sympathy is with the hearts that, bound to her by the ties of blood and closest friendship, sorrow most of all.

Our tenderest thanks are offered to those true comrades whose medical skill and loving, faithful hands tended her during the long hours of her illness and death.

We look in sure and certain hope to the day when we shall meet that great, loyal heart again. We feel that the time is short, and it remains for us who linger here awhile, devotedly to carry forward that work for the great suffering world for which she was ready to lay down her fair and brave young life.

World's W. C. T. U.

FRANCES E. WILLARD, *Pres.*
ISABEL SOMERSET, *Vice-Pres.-at-large.*
MARY A. WOODBRIDGE, *Sec.*
ANNA A. GORDON, *Ass't Sec.*
ELLA WILLIAMS, *Treas.*